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ABRA-MULE;

OR,

LOVE *and* EMPIRE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas, & Amor. Metamorph. lib. 2.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCXXVII.



1607/2926.

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To the Right Honourable the
LADY *Harriet Godolphin.*

M A D A M,



OUR signal Favour to This Play during its Representation upon the Stage, and Your great Generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an Offering of Both to Your Ladyship; and to publish my Gratitude for such uncommon Goodness and Condescension.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to Your Character: The World was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining Qualities, by which Your Ladyship is so eminently distinguish'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for Your sake that I address to You, but for my own; not to

DEDICATION.

make any Return to Your Ladyship, but to do Honour to my self. Which I should not have presum'd to have done without Your Permission ; and even That brings a fresh Obligation upon me. For nothing could be a greater Improvement of Your former Bounty, than Your Leave to make this solemn Acknowledgment of it; and to Persons of Your Landyskip's Rank, we cannot publicly return Thanks for one Favour, without receiving another.

For what could reflect more Lustre on This Poem, than so celebrated a Name prefix'd to it? 'Tis the peculiar Glory of Tragedy, that it has always been the most agreeable Entertainment to the Fair Sex; who have been ever more indulgent to That, than to any other sort of Poetry. Men are generally less capable of those tender Impressions, which the Ladies (who are form'd with finer Sentiments) more easily receive. But if this be the best Pretence we can make to Masculine Wisdom, and Superiority of Reason; I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be soon mov'd to Compassion, and sensible of the Misfortunes of others; is rather a Perfection in Human Nature, than an Argument of Weakness or Infirmary.

'Tis for this Reason, Madam, that Performances of this kind are the most proper Offerings

DEDICATION.

Offerings to the Fair: And I am particularly happy in presenting This to one who has all their Excellencies, without any of their Defects.

But I perceive I am in Danger of disobliging Your Ladyship, while I am doing You that Justice which will be highly pleasing to every Body, but Your Self. I shall therefore only beg Leave to add, that since Love and Valour are the Springs of Tragedy, and give Life and Motion to it; Nothing could be more proper than to address This to Your Ladyship, whose Family is remarkable, above any other, for giving so much Beauty to the Court, and so much Courage to the Field; the one to Adorn, the other to Defend Your Country; the one to Triumph at home, and the other abroad. I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most Obedient,


and most Humble Servant.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

WHAT various Thoughts a Poet's Breast divide,
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!
Guilty of Scribbling, with beseeching Hands,
Before your Bar the Malefactor stands.
Now hopes 'twill please; now doubts 'twill prove but dull;
Mourns a thin Pit; yet dreads it when 'tis full.
These are at best the anxious Writer's Cares:
But He, who now your fatal Censure fears,
Has no great Man to Countenance his Muse,
And shield him from the Arts which Factions use:
No necessary Friends to start Applause,
O'erpower Ill-nature, and support his Cause.
Then 'tis pure Tragedy which he prepares,
With no relieving Interval of Farce.
Nay, but one Song; his Numbers rarely chime,
Nor bless the Gall'ries with the Sweets of Rhime.
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghosts to rise;
No Fustian roars, nor mimic Lightning flies;
No Thunder from his Heroes, or the Skies.
With all these Disadvantages oppress'd,
He still has Hopes; and makes his bold Request
To Men of Sense: and here are none, I know,
But either are, or think at least they're so.
To you, with modest Awe, he dares to speak;
Will not assume too much, yet scorns to sneak:
He boasts not of his Genius, or his Rules;
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.



PROLOGUE:

Yet to Desert disclaims not all Pretence;
To be so Modest would be Impudence.
For surely his Presumption must be great,
Who dares invite his Betters to no Treat.
Gross Dulness He expects not you should flatter;
Yet leaves you room enough to shew Good-nature——
Begg you would come, of all ill Passion eas'd;
Patient to hear, and willing to be pleas'd.
Cowards and Fools are barbarous; and think
All Wit and Valour is to damn and sink;
But Weakness in Distress still finds Defence
From Men of Courage, and from Men of Sense.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mahomet</i> the IVth, Emperor of the <i>Turks</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Pyrrhus</i> , Grand Visier.	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Solyman</i> , Brother to <i>Mahomet</i> .	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Kisler Aga</i> , or Superintendent of the <i>Seraglio</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Haly</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Cuproli</i> .	Mr. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Murfa</i> , a <i>Tartarian</i> Merchant.	Mr. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Abra-Mule</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zaida</i> , her Confident.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Maranna</i> , a Creature of <i>Solyman's</i> .	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .

Eunuchs, Bassa's, Janizaries and Attendants.

SCENE, *Constantinople*.

A B R A-



ABRA-MULE:

O R,

LOVE and EMPIRE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Murfa and Abra-Mulè.

MURSA.



HIS Day, fair *Abra*, smiles on you, and
shines
Auspicious; happiest Day of all your Life;
In which you shall be rais'd from low
Obscurity,

To the sublimest Height of Earthly Greatness:
Brought as the richest Present to the Sultan,
To crown his Pleasures, and adorn his Court;
To entertain with Joy his softest Hours,
And charm the World's great Master with your Beauty;
Abra. Rather, as often as this Day returns

Within

Within the Round of the revolving Year;
 Let me be clad in gloomy, sable Weeds,
 Exhaust the springing Fountains of my Eyes,
 Indulge my Grief, and waste my self in Mourning!
 Be rais'd to Grandeur? No ——— I shall be thrown
 Lower than first my vulgar Fortune plac'd me.
 O think not, Sir, to sooth me with the Name
 Of fancy'd Glory; for when Virtue's gone,
 And Infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
 Above the highest Monarch, you debase
 My humble Birth, and sink me into Greatness.

Mur. Ungrateful Maid! — Are then my Benefits
 So soon forgotten? Dost thou not remember
 That to this saving Arm thou ow'st thy Being?

Abr. I do, and bless you for that gen'rous Action.

Mur. Had I not interpos'd 'twixt Death and thee,
 When I with Thousands of my Country-men
 Made an Incurſion into *Muscovy*,
 Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me
 To contradict my Will ——— Methinks I now
 See the relentless Russian, with his Sword
 Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the Stroke,
 And thy bare Bosom heaving at the Point.
 Thy tender Innocence, and unripe Beauty,
 Which then ev'n in a Child appear'd most lovely,
 Mov'd me to soft Compassion. Strait I seiz'd
 His threatening Arm, and stopp'd the coming Blow.
 Scarce then had Sev'n full Winters snow'd upon thee;
 And these Twelve Years in which thou hast been mine,
 Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,
 With all th' indulgent Kindness of a Father?

Abr. Hear me with Patience, Sir, ———

Mur. 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this Voyage,



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She always has been froward, and appear'd
Averse to my Design; but now of late
Much more than ever — Ha! — I have a Thought; —
It must be so — I'll put her to the Tryal. — [Aside.
An ill Return you make me for my Kindness, [To her,
Forgetful *Abr*; but since no Persuasions
Can bend you to my Will, I'll once comply
With a fond Woman's Humour, be content
To lose my Journey, and return again.
And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.
Ha! What, not move? What farther would'st thou ask?
What means that humble Posture, and those Tears?

Abr. Kneeling.] Alas! why will you break my tender Heart?

Mur. Thy Words amaze me. Didst thou not desire
To fly the loath'd Embraces of the Sultan,
And to return again?

Abr. I did indeed

Desire to fly th' Embraces of the Sultan;
And yet upon my bended Knees would beg you
Not to return again. —

Mur. 'Tis so for certain.

[Aside.

I understand you not, explain your Meaning [To her.

Abr. Since then you urge me to the Brink of Fate,
Tho' nothing but the Fear of Separation
From the most brave of Men, and best of Lovers,
Could force me to disclose the mighty Secret;
I will unlock my Breast, and lay before you
The inmost Thoughts and Counsels of my Soul.
Know then (but ere my Story reach your Ears
Learn to forgive; and arm your self with Patience)
That since the time that mine and your Deliverer,
The gen'rous Visier, the thrice Noble *Pyrrhus*,
Rescu'd us in our Journey to this City,

From

From the rough Insolence of stern *Polonians*,
 I have in secret lov'd that wond'rous Man;
 And he with equal Fire receiv'd my Passion.
 And during those four Months, in which I lay
 Hinder'd from Travelling by tedious Sicknefs,
 We have by mutual Intercourse, exchang'd
 Each other's Souls ——— Ev'n now, while my dear Lord
 Is absent at the Wars, and leading on
 His succ'ring Troops to raise the Siege of *Buda*,
 He has not been unmindful of his Love,
 But has by Letters ———

Mur. Yes, I understand you ———
 You are of late, it seems, grown intimate
 With the chief Minister of State ——— For him
 You would reserve your self, for him you'd stay,
 For him you would avoid th' Imperial Bed.
 But bear me, Maid ——— Nay, do not kneel and weep;
 Nor think to mollifie me with thy Prayers:
 For know thy Sentence is already pass'd,
 Nor is it in my Power to reverse it.
 Already I've contracted for thy Beauty,
 And all things are prepar'd for thy Reception;
 Therefore, no more ——— Attend me in this Hour
 To be presented to the World's great Lord.
 Farewel, and think of nothing but Obedience. [Exit;

Abra. O harsh Command! Cruel, Hard-hearted *Murfa*,
 Inexorable, obdurate old Man!
 Obedience! What Obedience? and to whom? ———
 But why (alas!) do I deliberate,
 As if I were my own, and all my Actions
 At Liberty? Superior Violence
 O'er-rules my Will; I must of force obey,
 Because I have no Power to make Resistance,

And

Love and Empire.

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And am too impotent to be Rebellious.

Enter Zaida and Pyrrhus.

Zaid. In Tears? — But see, I bring you Comfort, Madam:

Ab. My Lord, my Life return'd? Then all my Woes
Shall be forgot; at least I will a-while
Suspend my Griefs, and be all Joy and Pleasure,
To welcome, with the most transporting Raptures,
All that my Soul holds dear.

Pyr. Thou loveliest Creature,

I too, at Sight of thee, have lost the Sense
Of past Misfortunes — Just at my Arrival
Last Night, by favour of the friendly Darkness,
Hither I came private and unattended,
Directed, by thy Letters, to the Place
Of thy Abode; and ever since have waited
For a convenient Opportunity
To gain Admission here; which *Murfa's* Absence;
And *Zaida's* Help, at last have giv'n. — And now,
At the reviving Prospect of thy Beauties,
Grief leaves my Breast, and healing Joy succeeds.
Thou smil'st — Let Fortune frown then, I'll despise her;
I'll not regard the Sultan's cold Reception,
Since I am welcome to these Arms —

Exit: Murfa.
Ab. Yes, my dear Lord, I may without a Blush
Receive these chaste Embraces; and to you,
Who love with Honour, I with Innocence
May give these Tokens of my vow'd Fidelity.
But I, alas! am doom'd to guilty Joys,
To the detested Arms of *Mahomer*;
I must, in spite of me, resign my Honour,
And wrong our mutual Loves. — Injurious *Murfa*,
Despising Tears, and deaf to all Intreaties,
Has sworn this Hour to yield me to the Sultan;

And

And I, by all the Arts of virtuous Fraud,
No longer can deceive him. —————

Pyr. O the Villain !

Can ought that's human harbour so much Baseness!
Are then the Joys of this bless'd Meeting dash'd
So soon? So soon will Fortune snatch thee from me;
And mock my vain Embraces? ——— Thus like one
Who in a Dream, with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form ;
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away, and vanishes to Air :
So I, who thro' opposing Difficulties
Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms;
At length am disappointed; and but see thee,
To take my last Farewel. ——— O slippery State
Of Human Pleasures, fleet and volatile! —————
Giv'n us, and snatch'd again in one short Moment,
To mortifie our Hopes, and edge our Sufferings!

Abr. When you, in a Physician's Garb disguis'd,
Came without Interruption to my Lodgings;
I unsuspected could dissemble Sickness.
But when the Clamours of your suff'ring Country
Tore you from me, and sent you to the Wars :
Then, lest my feign'd Disease at length should be
Detected by a true Physician's Skill ;
I was oblig'd to lay that Mask aside,
And own my self Recov'ring.

Pyr. 'Twas indeed,
Impossible for thee to manage long
A Fraud like That ; unless thou could'st with Art
Extinguish all thy Charms; for surely none
Could so far be impos'd on, as to think
That the grim Form of pale and meagre Sicknes
Could e'er be seated in a Face so lovely.

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Abr. With many a vain Excuse, and false Pretence
Did I, 'till now, defer the fatal Hour:
But the insatiate Avarice of *Murfa*,
No longer patient of my slight Evasions,
Resolv'd at last, and fix'd upon this Day
To sacrifice me to the Sulran's Pleasure.

Pyr. Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,
But Trading with the Purchase of thy Virtue?
Damn'd Avarice! Cursed, destructive Avarice!
Thou everlasting Foe to Love and Honour!——
What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
If Chastity it self be set to Sale,
And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'scape him!
But I'll not talk away these precious Moments: ——
But fly with all the Wings that Love can lend,
To find this sordid, mercenary Churl,
And gorge his rav'nous Appetite with Gold;
I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from Disgrace,
And once defraud my Master ——

[Going.]

Abr. Stay, my Lord;
And let not your Concern for my Deliv'rance
Hurry you on to things impracticable.
You know you often have propos'd these Means
To me before; and I as often told you
The Royal Funds will scarce suffice to slake
His raging Thirst of Gold: Then he's Perverse,
Willful and Froward, Positive and Proud;
Has long with Pleasure hugg'd this great Design,
Fed with vast Hopes of Grandeur; and conceiv'd
Such strange Opinions of my fatal Beauty,
That half the World he thinks too little recompence
For such a Present. This I oft have told you,
And you have thought it Reason.

Pyr. True, I have;

But

But then I had not that high Eminence
Of Pow'r and Greatness which I now possess;
Nor Wealth enough, perhaps, to raise a Bribe
Sufficient; but he will not sure refuse
So vast a Treasure as I now can give:
Besides, my Honour and Authority
Will awe him to Compliance.

Abr. Were that true,

Yet 'tis too late: He cannot now comply ———
His Word is gone too far to be recall'd:
The fatal Contract for my Virgin Honour;
Already is agreed on, and ere this
The Purchase paid; and should you urge him now,
Perhaps, incens'd by your Sollicitations,
He may inform the Sultan of your Love;
And then your Life, my Lord, will be in Danger.

Pyr. And what can Life afford desirable,
When thou art lost for ever?

Abr. But perhaps

Some more secure Expedient may be found
To rescue me from Shame, and save my Honour;
Without the Hazard of your precious Life.

Pyr. Oh no! — I am not now what once I was —
For, since I parted from thee, Fate has tarnish'd
My Glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with Misfortunes.
When leading first my Troops to succour *Buda*,
I enter'd on that fatal Expedition;
I thought to give such Tokens of my Valour
And Conduct, that I might with Confidence
Dare beg thee of my Royal Master's Countty,
As a Reward for my past Services.

But Fortune has defeated those Designs ———
Yet still some Hopes I have — The *Kisler Aga*,

Who governs all in the Seraglio,
To whom you are presented, is my Friend.
Perhaps his Prudence and Address may yet
Recover all. — Mean while, farewell, my Love!
I must to Court, to justify my Conduct,
And clear me to the Sultan.

Abd. Part so soon!

Perhaps to meet no more — Indeed 'tis hard. —
Pyr. Thou weep'st; O stop that Show'r of falling Sorrows,
Which melts me to the Softness of a Woman,
And shakes my best Resolves. — 'Tis hard indeed —
So hard, that I have need of all my Courage
And manly Reason, to support the Thought. —
Short have our Meetings been, by Stealth enjoy'd,
By interrupted, broken Intervals,
And murder'd by the Pangs of often Parting.
Such as sad Spirits prove, who nightly wander
To visit the lov'd Objects they admire;
Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,
But quickly warn'd away. Yet ev'n They go
With less Regret than I, when at the Dawn
They lag behind, and fain would longer stay;
Till sick'ning at the Morn's unwelcom Ray,
By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave the Day.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to a Royal Apartment. Mahomet seated in State. Prince Solyman, Haly, Cuproli, Bassas, Janizaries, &c.

Mah. Our Prophet seems unmindful of his Charge,
And leaves our Empire to be steer'd at random
By blind uncertain Chance; for did not he
As his Ease, and slumber unconcern'd;
He would not thus have yielded up my Glory,

Nor

Nor suffer'd, spight of all my best Endeavours,
My darling *Buda* to be ravish'd from me.

Cupr. The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his Part,
By substituting You to govern for him;
And having to your Care entrusted all,
He thinks he safely may a-while withdraw
His Tutelary Pow'r, and leave the World
To You, his great Vice-gerent: And had You
Been equally successful in your Choice
Of all those Ministers who move beneath you,
Buda had still been ours.

Sol. I always thought
The Visier's Conduct would prove fatal to us.

Hal. This strange Miscarriage has indeed abated
The high Esteem which I long entertain'd
For that great Man; and if free Liberty
Be granted to disclose our real Sentiments,
It seems to me ———

Mah. Be silent — I preceive
You're all agreed with Fortune, to depress
The rising Glories of the Noble *Pyrrhus*;
And nought more easie, than with formal Rhet'rick
To cast the Odium of a Battel lost
On him that manag'd it: But you forget
That dire Misfortune, and the Chance of War,
Often defeat the best-concerted Measures.
And since in many dang'rous Fields of Battel
He has giv'n such Proof of Conduct, and of Valour;
Those Laurels which his conqu'ring Sword has won
Should shadow this Miscarriage.

Enter a Fanizary.

Fan. Mighty Monarch,
Th' unfortunate Grand-Visier is arriv'd.

Love and Empire.

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humbly craves Admittance.

Ab. Bid him enter.

[*Exit Janix.*]

all prepare from his own Mouth to hear
Vindication of his injur'd Honour.

Enter Pyrrhus.

O the Man so much renown'd in War

Cities storm'd, and Battels bravely fought?

How can it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*

Hard-of to arrive, and private enter

Antioch's Gates?

How unattended to appear at Court,

And in his Petition for Admittance?

How can he look'd, when throng'd with Multitudes

The applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd,

How waving Colours did adorn his Triumph,

How Trumpets sprightly Sound proclaim'd his Entry.

How With such Magnificence, and Martial Pomp,

How now, were my Arrivals always honour'd;

How hund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me;

How what was more, the Sov'reign of the World

How gracious Looks, and open Arms receiv'd me.

How now (O dire Reverse of fickle Chance!)

How inglorious, like a Criminal,

How dear my Honour, and excuse my Conduct.

Ab. Begin then, and as bravely as you fought

Reclaim your Reputation.

Py. As I fought?

How can I then liv'd to be arraign'd of Cowardise?

How can I brave *Lorraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,

How can I great *Bavaria*, ask those mighty Chiefs

How can I in Fight declin'd their Arms,

How can I be startled at the Face of Danger?

How can I was not in my Pow'r to inspire my Troops

With

With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.
 All my Designs and Methods still were cross'd
 By some unlucky, thwarting Accident ;
 As if the unseen Hand of Providence
 Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat
 My close Contrivances, and break my Measures.

Hal. He little thinks whose Providence it was
 That foil'd his Policy. [*Aside to C*

Pyr. Whate'er Designs,
 Tho' manag'd with the greatest Secresie,
 I had resolv'd upon ; the Enemy,
 As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,
 Still mov'd against them, and prevented me.
 So that I much suspect I was betray'd
 By hidden Treach'ry, and some envious Bassa,
 To whom in Council I reveal'd my Thoughts,
 Kept secret Correspondence with the Foe,
 And gave Intelligence.

Sol. A lucky Gueſſer. [*Aside to H*

Pyr. But if your Highness for full Satisfaction
 Demand a more particular Account ;
 This Paper will inform you, sign'd by most
 Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,
 In which at large they justify my Conduct,
 And wipe off all Aspersions.— [*Presents a Writ*

Mah. You have indeed giv'n ample Satisfaction,
 And tho' o'ercome, you acquit yourself with Honour ;
 My *Pyrrhus* still deserves my best Esteem,
 And claims the highest place in my Affections.

[*Comes from the Throne, and embraces h*
 Therefore let these Embraces witneſs for me,
 That I impute this Loss to no Defect
 In you ; but praise your Conduct, and your Valour.

Love and Empire.

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Continue still t' enjoy your Dignity ;
And be the second Person in that Empire,
Which with your Sword so bravely you defend.
What tho' our Glory be a-while obscur'd ?
The clearest Day is not without some Cloud :
Our next Attempt will give, what this has lost ;
And while th' Heroick *Pyrrhus* shines in Arms,
Our wide Dominions shall the World o'er-run,
And my pale Crescent brighten to a Sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Seraglio.*

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. DID you observe with what a thund'ring Tone
The Royal Boaster talk'd ? how loud he bluster'd ?

As if the Loss of this important Place
Had added to the Grandeur of his Empire.

Cupr. The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*,
Transported him so far, that he forgot

His shameful Overthrow, and look'd as stern

As if his Foes were all in Battel slain,

And *Buda* still were Part of his Dominions.

Hal. And so it now had been ; had not my Care,

My vigilant, unwear'd Diligence

Filed, and undermin'd the Visier's Conduct.

I must own (tho' cursing let me speak it)

Our Gen'ral never shone in Steel ;

And yet his Skill in warlike Discipline

Cools, and qualifies his matchless Courage,

That it ne'er conquers the restraining Bounds

Of

Of Reason, or degen'rates into Rashness :
 'Tis no impetuous Sally of the Blood;
 But 'tis the Constitution of his Soul,
 And can no more——

Cupr. Cankers consume your Tongue;
 Must you too in his Praise turn Orator,
 And waste on so detestable a Subject
 Your aukward Rhetorick ?

Hal. Mistake me not; ——
 Tho' I do Justice to his Character,
 You cannot boast a more exalted Hatred
 Against the Visier's Person, than myself;
 Who have with such Dexterity defeated
 His Plots, and render'd all his Hopes abortive.

Cupr. But to what purpose ? since he's rooted still
 As deep as ever in the Sultan's Favour ; ——
 But by the Rage that glows within my Breast,
 He shall not 'scape me thus, tho' now he shines
 Above us all, and lords it o'er his Betters;
 And, while he moves in that exalted Sphere,
 Injuriouly debars me from my Right ;
 For that high Office by Inheritance
 Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother
 Of two successive Visiers; why should I,
 My Friend, be thought unworthy of that Honour
 Which my Great Father, and my Elder Brother
 With such Success have manag'd ?

Hal. Mahomet,
 No doubt, can give a Reason.

Cupr. Mahomet ?
 That Name begins to grate my Ears as harshly
 As that of the scarce more detested Pyrrhus.

How can I pay dutiful Allegiance
 To him, who ne'er regarding my Desert
 Giv'n my Right to that aspiring Upstart,
 Whom still supports him, wears him next his Heart
 Of all — But see, the hated Visier
 Comes, and with him that black ominous Dog
Kisler Aga — Death! — my Blood ferments;
 Let us retire, and shun
 Their Walk; the Air they breath in is not wholesome. [*Exe.*]

Enter Pyrrhus, and the Kisler Aga.

Ha! *Cuprolis*, and *Haly*! Their Cabals
 Do no Good to me. —

I have observ'd that those two haughty Courtiers,
 In my Advancement, have with envious Eyes
 Stare at my Honours; with a gloomy Look
 Frown upon me, if I chance to meet them.
 With a stiff, unwilling Bow they pay me
 Respect, and sullenly pass by.

This arrogant Behaviour gives —

No more —

No Time to waste on Toys like these;
 Care of Life and Safety must employ
 My spare Hours; at present I've Affairs
 Of greater Moment. — You've already heard
 The story of my Love, and *Murfa's* Baseness;
 Ere an Hour is past you will receive
 A precious *Abra* from that Monster's Hand.
 I already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;
 And she is so exquisitely fram'd,
 Whom many Years have dealt in Beauty,
 And the fairest Females from all Parts
 Are committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld,
 With such Variety of Foreign Charms,

A Virgin half so lovely — She excels
 Ev'n *English* Beauties: and eclipses all
 Those various Nations, who with Pride attend
 Upon the Sultan's Pleasures.

Pyr. O! She is all Perfection; and tho' born
 In a cold frozen Clime, o'er-spread with Ice
 And driving Snow, (which if compar'd with hers,
 Loses its Whiteness) yet her Eyes dart Fire
 Able to melt the most benumm'd of Hearts
 With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softness.
 Therefore, my Friend, as thou regard'st my Life,
 Conspire with me in this, this honest Treachery;
 Secretly free her from this new Confinement,
 And, while thou canst, restore her to my Wishes.

Kisl. What you propose is hazardous and difficult:
 Her Beauty could not 'scape th' observing Eyes
 Of some in the Seraglio; and be sure
 I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope
 Of a Reward, will give the Sultan notice
 Of such unfaithful Dealing — One I know
 Who has it in her Pow'r t'inform against me.
 For, to divert the beauteous Stranger's Sadness,
 I recommended her to the Acquaintance
 Of one who holds the very next Apartment:
 Whom I commanded by her frequent Visits
 To chear her Solitude.

Pyr. O fear not her:
 She never will inform; but rather chuse
 (For her own sake) t'assist thee in removing
 Her charming Rival hence.

Kisl. Perhaps she might,
 Had she that Youth and Bloom she once enjoy'd:
 But this is one, whose antiquated Beauty

Love and Empire.

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as lost the Privilege of the Sultan's Bed;
and is bestow'd upon the Prince his Brother,
the am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,
I shall observe her Temper; Gold perhaps
may bribe her to be silent; and the rest
Time may dispatch beyond your Expectation.
For are they groundless Hopes — I have a Project,
(At Leisure you shall hear Particulars)
Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,
may one Day crown your Loves.

Pyrr. 'Till then, my Friend,
leave it thy Care to keep her from the Sight
of *Mahomet*; who, as he is o'erwhelm'd
With Cares, and vex'd at unsuccessful War,
neglects his Loves; and therefore will forbear
to claim her of thee, while he's ignorant
how beautiful a Treasure he possesses.
Mean-while my Care shall be to fill his Mind
With fresh supplies of Bus'ness, to divert him
from am'rous Thoughts — The rest of my Design
will impart hereafter — One thing more —
let *Zaida* still have free Admission to her:
her Conversation will abate her Melancholy,
and make the time less tedious.

Kish. Doubt not, Sir,
of my Fidelity, and be assur'd
our Cares are mine —————

[Exit *unt severally*.]

Re-enter *Haly* and *Caproli*.

Hal. 'Twas greatly thought; but an Attempt so daring
angers my Resolution,

Capr. Canst thou scruple?
tell thee, Fate is in our Enterprize;
see it written in th' eternal Volume,

That *Mahomet* must fall. — Your Fears and Doubts
 Will quickly vanish, if you but reflect
 On his past Reign; which still has been attended
 With one continued Series of Misfortunes.
 You need not be inform'd that ill Success
 Renders a Sultan odious in the Eyes
 Of th'unreflecting Vulgar, who conclude
 That angry Heav'n will never be aton'd,
 'Till they remove him from th' Imperial Seat.
 Our Army's unexpected Overthrow
 Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd
 After a tedious and expensive Siege,
 You know incens'd the murmur'ing Populace,
 'And ev'n the ruling Part of the *Divan*.
 But the late Loss of *Buda* has enrag'd them
 Beyond all Bounds; and now they only want
 Some Person of Authority to head them,
 And fire them with the Name of *Selyman*
 The next Successor, who will easily
 Be wrought into our Plot — What think you now?

Hal. Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*
 Sits loose upon his Throne: H' has long been tott'ring,
 'And nothing now is wanting, but our Help
 To hasten Fate, and finish his Destruction.

Cupr. Yes; since he still protects my mortal Foe,
 He shall be thrown from the Imperial Seat,
 'And crush that Fav'rite with his dreadful Ruins:
 Thus I at once shall satiate my Revenge,
 'And glut Ambition: For the next Successor
 I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,
 Shalt then enjoy the third Place in the Empire,
 Which hated *Kurab-Ibraim* now usurps.
 And thou so well deserv'st,

Hal. You over-rate

My Actions, if you think they can deserve
The third Place in the Empire — Tho' at present
I see no Cause why I should not be thought
As worthy of the second as your self. [*Aside.* }

But what if unaspiring *Solyman*,
Control'd by Checks of Conscience, should refuse
So daring a Proposal? He's the Hinge
On which our Project turns; and should he fail us,
Our Plots are all unravell'd.

Cupr. I confess

'Tis in his Pow'r to frustrate all our Hopes;
Nor can this bold Conspiracy succeed,
Unless that Prince concur to our Design.
For tho' the Soldiers Hearts be alienated
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial Line
Appear, and urge his Title to the Throne.

Hal. Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply
With our Desires.

Cupr. 'Tis true he wants Ambition,
And melancholy Blood retards the Springs
Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worse,
He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion.
But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing;
And Thou and I, by long and near Acquaintance,
Have gain'd an absolute Ascendant o'er him.
By means of which we may, without Restraint,
Use the most glowing Arguments, to fire
His Soul with glorious Thoughts of Fame and Empire;
And we have talk'd him hither —

Enter Solyman.

Sol. What is the Subject of Debate, my Friends?

Cupr. Why, Sir, we were consulting which is better,
To suffer by the Bow-string or the Scymitar.

Sol. But why that Question?

Cupr. 'Tis a proper one,
For that we are to die is past all Doubt.

Sol. Your Reason?

Cupr. You know we have arraign'd the Visier's Conduct
Before the Sultan; but without Success.
And since we have not, as we first design'd,
Completed his Destruction, 'tis most certain
We have effectually procur'd our own.
For having openly declar'd our selves
Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn
Mahomet's Hatred on us, who, you know,
Can never rest, while any he suspects
Is Master of a Head.

Sol. Then I, it seems,
Am subject to like Danger.

Cupr. True, you are;
And how you can digest such scurvy Treatment,
I know not. I must own, my Constitution
Abhors it — Can you perish like a Slave?
Think — you are born a Prince — Think on that only.

Hal. Can you be strangled by th' accursed Hands
Of haggard Mutes? whose Dumbness speaks more Horror
Than all th' insulting, barbarous Eloquence
Of cruel, talking Executioners:
Whose every gloomy and unalter'd Looks
Shew they are not more dumb, than deaf to Pity.
Indeed for such Plebeian Souls as ours
It matters not; but is it fitting, Sir,
Is't fitting that a Prince born to command
The World, should suffer by th' unhallow'd Hands
Of such detested Villains?

Sol. But what Means

Are to be us'd for Safety and Prevention?

Cupr. The Means are obvious: Since we are embark'd
In a Design so dangerous, we're oblig'd
To push the Expedition on, with all
Our Might, and drive our Treasons to the Head;
For nothing can secure us now from Punishment
For our past Actions, but atchieving greater.

Sol. I know not what you drive at.

Cupr. To be plain,
The Sultan must be ruin'd, or we perish.

Sol. Ha!

Hal. Why do you start, my Lord? 'Tis no new thing
To see a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.

Sol. I'll hear no more of this.

Cupr. What Pity 'tis
That I had not your Birth, or you my Soul! ———
A Prince without Ambition! ———

O monstrous Contradiction! How it sounds!
For shame, Sir, lay aside these groveling Thoughts,
Exert your Royalty, and be your self;
Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect
That, since one Night gave Being to us both,
Our Mothers by Consent exchange'd their Infants:
And, tho' I am cheated of my glorious Birth,
You are the Visier's Son, and I the Prince.

Hal. I must confess, I thought the Universe
Could not have shewn a Breast so void of Fire,
As to reject with Coldness and Disdain
The Empire of the World. At such a Proffer
You should have bounded from the Earth with Transport,
Have thrown your eager Arms about our Necks,
With sparkling Eyes, and Cheeks that glow'd Ambition;

And pray'd for thousand Blessings on our Heads:
 Oh how insensible, how spiritless
 Is he, whom all the dazzling Charms of Greatness,
 And uncontrol'd Dominion, cannot move!

Sol. My Friends, you are too violent, and mistake me;
 I am not of so mortify'd a Spirit,
 As to reject the golden Reins of Empire;
 But yet I am not so in Love with Pow'r,
 As to dissolve the sacred Ties of Nature,
 And break thro' all Restraint of Law and Conscience,
 To make my self Lord of the Universe.
 No—— I would sooner live and die in Silence,
 Untalk'd of by the World, than gain a Throne
 By such illegal Means——

Hal. But sure your Conscience must be over-nice,
 If you call that Illegal and Unjust
 Which Nature has commanded: Self-defence
 Is her first Principle—— Think on your Wrongs;
 Consider you can never injure him,
 Since he's th'unjust Aggressor. Has he not
 Debarr'd you from the Pleasures of the Court,
 Confin'd you to a Guard? and, what is worse,
 Has he not thrice attempted on your Life?
 Which had infallibly been sacrific'd,
 To satiate his unnat'ral Thirst of Blood;
 Had not the Sultaneſs with pious Fraud
 Cheated his Cruelty.

Sol. All this I grant;
 But were his Crimes more num'rous than they are,
 And he a blacker Devil than you make him;
 Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate,
 Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell
 By lawless Violence—— As for your Lives,

I know he dares not think a Thought against them:
For, in this doubtful Posture of Affairs,
His Int'rest is to sooth the Populace,
Who by our Deaths would be incens'd to Madness.

Cupr. Suppose your Life be safe, which yet I question,
'd sooner die the most abhorr'd of Deaths,
Than live as you do. ——— Princes of the Blood,
And Brothers to the Sultan? His Slaves rather;
Forc'd to comply with all his Savage Humours,
Abridg'd of Pleasure, and of Liberty.
For should you dare to cast an am'rous Glance
On one those of innumerable Beauties,
Whom his unbounded Luxury engrosses;
Your Head must pay the Forfeit of your Eyes.
Tis true; when they grow stale and antiquated,
To you his Generosity resigns them.
He riotously enjoys their Youth and Bloom,
Then leaves their Age and Ugliness to you:
Himself he feasts, but lightly puts you off
With the vile Scraps and Leavings of his Lust.

Sol. I pr'ythee, Friend, no more.

Cupr. Yes, Sir, I've done.

Now you may go, impeach us to the Sultan,
(For you, I find, are rank'd among his Creatures)
And take our Lives, for saucily endea'ring
To make you happy; and we'll die, my Friend. [To Hal.
Without repining at our Destiny;
Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

Sol. You do me wrong by such unjust Suspitions;
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever:
Nor shall my Aid be wanting to assist
Your Plots against the Visier, and advance you
To those high Honours which your Merits claim.

But for ray Brother's Fate — no more of that;
My Friends, let me intreat you to retire,
And leave me to my self. —————

Hal. We go; in hopes that when we meet again,
Your Resolution will not be so strong
Against your Int'rest. ————— [Ex. *Hal. and Cupr.*]

Solyman solus.

No; I am not in haste to hold the Reins
Of this unmanageable Government,
Oppress'd by its own Weight, and lessen'd by its Greatness.
'Tis true; were ours, like other Monarchies,
Founded on wholsom Laws, supported by them,
Aided by Senates; or did King and People
Think it their Int'rest to assist each other;
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth Ambition;
But whar, alas! is Arbitrary Rule?
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch,
Whose Pow'r is bounded by coercive Laws;
Since while they limit, they preserve his Empire.
Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd, has made
Some slight Impression on me ——— *Makomet*
With jealous Eyes surveys me, thwarts my Loves;
And keeps the Youth of his Seraglio from me.
Which would indeed be insupportable,
Did not my trusty Confident *Marama*
By stealth convey to my desiring Arms
Some of his choicest Beauties; by her Wit
I cheat the Sultan, and enjoy those Pleasures
Which vainly he imagines all his own,
And quite debart'd from all the World beside;

Enter Marama.

My dear *Marama* —————

Mar. O Sir, you're obliging:

But

But are my Charms of such attractive Force
As to extort that passionate Expression?
If so; if I deserve so soft a Title,
Why are you not content with my Embraces;
Which *Mahomet* allows you? No——I'm old;
And my decaying Beauty is laid by,
Scorn'd and despis'd: Those kind endearing Words
Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake;
But for their sakes, whom I by various Arts
Persuade to make you happy; so that now
I gain your Love by other Women's Charms,
And only please by Proxy.

Sol. No, Thou'rt all amiable; such sprightly Wit;
Such Depth of Thought, so fertile an Invention
Shall ever claim the Love of all our Sex,
And Wonder of thy own.

Mar. Well, slighted as I am, I yet am true,
And give such Proofs of my Fidelity
As sure no Woman ever gave before,
Nor ever will again, while I employ
My Female Cunning; Plot, and rack my Brain,
To bring my happy Rivals to your Arms.
This very Hour have I been lab'ring for you;
Height'ning your Character, and kindling Love
In the most Charming Maid I ever saw.
With whom, though now she be but just arriv'd,
I by the *Kisler's* positive Command,
And my familiar manner of Address,
Already have contracted some Acquaintance.
The *Kisler* (for what Reason is a Secret)
Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan;
And she, as if not conscious of her Beauty,
Is not ambitious to appear before him.

These

These Circumstances favour my Design ;
Which you must now engage in : I've contriv'd
A way to guide you into her Apartment ;
Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet,
T'express a Passion which the Sight of her
Must needs inspire you with.

Sol. O my *Marama*,

Lead me this Moment, lead me to that Place
Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature ;
And then continue to assist my Love,
And perfect what thou hast so well begun.
Dethrone my Brother? No; there's no Temptation: [*Aside.*
I never envy'd him the Toils of State;
Now ev'n in Love I'm happier far than he.
For tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,
He wants the Lover's greatest Happiness.
He his fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
They straight resign their unresisting Charms;
But I my various Arts, and Plots prepare,
And court at distance the refusing Fair ;
While I from Hope a silent Joy conceive,
And ev'n my Fears a doubtful Pleasure give:
Till She submits to Love's resistless Laws,
And cures the Sickness which her self did cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Abra's Apartment.*

Enter Abra and Zaida.

Abr. **T**HE Loss of Liberty to all Mankind
Is most afflictive ; but to my gay Sex,
And sprightly Youth, 'tis insupportable.

And

And yet this close Confinement pains me less
Than Separation from my much-lov'd Lord:
Were I with him in narrower Bounds imprison'd;
Imprisonment it self would please: but since
His charming Conversation is deny'd me;
I, like the melancholy Nightingale,
Shut in a Cage, and widow'd from her Lover,
Should languish, droop, and pine my self to Death;
If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my Suff'rings,
Wert not admitted to me, to partake
My Miseries, and mingle Sorrow with me.

Zaid. Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great Concern
I view your Tears; I cannot see you thus:
Let me intreat you, dry your beauteous Eyes;
Dispel those Clouds, and wear a chearful Air,
Or I must call *Marama* to divert you.

Abr. Why wouldst thou vex me more with the remem-
Of that Eternal Talker? She divert me! [brance

No; tho' I smooth'd my Looks, while she was by,
And smiling seem'd to listen to her Tattle,
So to prevent Suspicion of my Love;
Yet know with Pain and Torture I endur'd
The Persecution of her merciless Tongue.
For nothing is more tedious to a Wretch
O'erwhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
His Grief, and be deny'd to give it vent;
And none are more impatient of Impertinence
Than the Afflicted — How did she torment
My suffering Ears with ill-tim'd, idle Mirth?
With fulsome Praises of the Prince's Beauty,
And with more nauseous Flattery of my own!
Why what's the Prince to me? Suppose his Shape
Be well-proportion'd, and his Air so charming;

Yet

Yet why must I be teized with such Descriptions?

Zaid. Madam, I wish that Part of her Discourse
Were so impertinent as you imagine.

Abr. What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful Words?

Zaid. With Reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing
That she appear'd so zealous in his Praise.

I fear she has some deep Design on foot,

Which may occasion more Uneasiness

To you ——— But see, she has explain'd her Meaning.

Enter Solyman and Marama.

Abr. Confusion, and Surprize! Some Pow'r protect me.

[*Solyman comes forward and throws himself at her Feet.*

Mar. I see she's fir'd; from her upbraiding Looks
She darts Reproof, and chides me with her Eyes.

Sol. See, Madam, at your Feet a prostrate Prince
Who led by your fam'd Beauty hither comes
(Tho' with apparent Hazard of his Life)
To offer you his unpolluted Vows;
And melt you into Love, or die before you.

Zaid. Is this well done, *Marama*? -- Treach'rous Woman!

Mar. Peace, Fool. — Thy Mistress knows not her own
Int'rest.

If with affected Coyness she refuse him.

Sol. You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear
I am the unhappy Cause of your Disquiet.
I am presumptuous, and too rudely press
Upon your Privacy ——— But oh! your Charms
Have taken ample Vengeance on my Folly,
By causing more Confusion in my Soul,
Than my intruding Boldness can in yours.
What, not a Look? O turn your beauteous Eyes,
And with another Glance confirm me dead,
If yet I live; — for I have drank so deep

Of Love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd
My Reason, rais'd a Tempest in my Breast
Which racks my Soul; but oh the mighty Pleasure
Rises in just Proportion to the Torment,
And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

Zaid. I see Resentment kindling in her Looks;
As her Surprise abates, her Anger rises,
And Indignation sparkles in her Eyes.

Abr. Yes; you have seen me in Confusion, Sir;
And think perhaps that one whom her Misfortunes
Have made a Slave, will readily comply
With your first Offer, and is fit for nothing
But to be made the Object of Affronts.
But, Prince, I must inform you —

Sol. O forbear;
Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through
With such such unkind Expressions — You a Slave?
'Tis my Ambition, Madam, to be yours,
But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd. —
But even your Anger charms, and you appear
Awfully fair, and lovely in your Frowns.
Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such Beauty
In the delicious Groves of Paradise,
When on sweet Beds of Flow'rs —

Abr. If any thing
Can possibly be more offensive to me
Than Flattery, 'tis Profaneness. —

Sol. Such sharp Reproof! pronounc'd with such an Accent;
And with a Look so charmingly severe!
Relentless Fates! Ah! why am I condemn'd
To offend the only Person in the World
Whom I desire to please? Is't possible
That any Wretch can be more curs'd than I?

When

When ev'ry Word you speak inflames my Love,
Yet adds to my Despair.

Ab. Fly, Sir; be gone,

While yet you're safe; your Brother will be here;
And certain Death, you know, 's the Consequence.

Sol. And certain Death is welcome; let it come
In the most ghastly Shape it can put on;
Yet your Disdain will fill me with more Horror,
Than all its grisly Terrors. Since my Love,
My spotless Love offends you ———— Take my Head;
Let me intreat you, Madam, sacrifice it
To my inexorable Brother's Rage :

Your Love's my first Desire, and Death my second.
This Favour sure you readily will grant;
Such Pity the displeas'd, the cruel *Abra*
Will not deny ev'n to her greatest Foe,
The curs'd, the scorn'd, the hated *Solyman*.

Ab. I am not, Sir, desirous of Revenge;
And therefore pardon you on these Conditions,
That you withdraw, suppress this hopeless Love;
And leave me to enjoy that Conversation
Which better suits my Sex and Circumstances.

Sol. Tho' dying Misers with far less Regret
Forfake their Lands, and Bags of hoarded Gold;
Yet, Madam, ev'n in this I will obey you:
And leave you now, that I may not be banish'd
For ever from your Presence ————

But when I'm parted from you, Think, O Think
The Image of your Charms is still before me;
And when I sleep, (if any Sleep can close
My weeping Eye-lids) then my busie Fancy
Presents to me in Dream your lov'd Idea.
And then reflect what Pangs I must endure,

What melancholy Days, and restless Nights,
When I consider your relentless Heart;
And my own lost Condition ——— Think on this;

And then let Pity plead in my Behalf.

And you, kind Fair, (for in your Looks I trace [To Zaida;
Goodness, and soft Compassion) intercede
With your inexorable Mistress for me.

Be you my Advocate; exert your Int'rest
In a distress'd, a dying Lover's Cause.

And once more, Madam, ere I go, I beg you [To Abr.
Remember, in your Hands my Fate is lodg'd;

From you a Curse or Blessing I derive, (Mar.

Die when you frown, but with your Smiles revive. [Ex. with

Abr. My Smiles! vain Man! He seem'd to mock my
Sufferings;

For who e'er heard of smiling Misery?

Alas! my Zaida, what a World of Woe

Had Fate in Store, what mighty Funds of Sorrow

T'increase the pressing Weight of my Misfortunes!

For oh! I fear the dismal Consequence

Of this fond Prince's Passion ——— Haste, my Zaida;

Find out my Lord, and give him timely Notice

Of what has happen'd ——— [Exit Zaida.

How great is the Mistake of our vain Sex,

Who think the Number of their fond Admirers

Alone can make 'em happy! ——— She indeed

Who unsubdu'd by Love his Pow'r defies,

May with Delight her numerous Conquests prize;

And view with careless Air the Triumphs of her Eyes.

But when those am'rous Pains our Breasts divide;

We find, in spite of our fantastick Pride,

We should more true and lasting Pleasure prove,

Were we belov'd by none, but those we love. [Scene shuts.

Enter

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. The Prince in Love, you say-- Had you inform'd me
That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told
A Secret worth the hearing ——— But what Use
Do you intend to make of this Discov'ry ?

Cupr. Be patient then, and in few Words I'll tell you;
Not half an Hour ago I met the Prince ;
Who, tho' he seem'd impatient of Delay,
And eager to be gone, abruptly told me
He was engag'd in an Affair of Love;
And just then going with his Spy *Marama*
To the Apartment of a beautiful Virgin,
Who came this Day to the Seraglio.
But that which makes directly for my Purpose,
And which I ground my Project on, is this:
As yet the Sultan has not seen this Beauty :
Nor is the *Kisler* forward to present her,
Nor she to be presented. *Solyman*
On this builds all his Hopes. ——— If he succeed,
And without Difficulty gain his Mistress,
He never will be work'd into our Plot.
Wherefore our Care must be t'inform the Sultan
Of this new Beauty; *Mahomet* has a Heart
As soft to Love's Impressions as his Brother.
Then when the longing Prince perceives his Hopes
Defeated, and his Mistress ravish'd from him
By that all-pow'rful Rival, he will need
No more Persuasions to dethrone his Brother;
Since that's the only Method he can take
To make him happy, in the full Enjoyment
Of what he so impatiently desires.

Hal. Auspicious Plot! Sure Mischief never thrives
Without the Help of Woman, ——— But which way

Love and Empire.

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Shall we discover this important Secret
To Mahomet?

Cupr. For that depend on me.

I have a Female Creature in the Court;
Her I'll instruct to hint it to his Ear,
And fire his Jealousy. — Ha! here again?

Enter Pyrrhus, the Kissler Aga, and Zaida.

New Interruption from that hateful Pair?

Away, retire, we must not be observ'd. [*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*]

Pyr. Curs'd Accident! — Sure some malignant Planet,
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful Influence.

A Rival! — This of all my mighty Woes
Comes least expected; with vain flatt'ring Hopes
I comforted my self, that her Confinement,
However grievous to me, would at least
Secure me from the Danger of a Rival.

But now I am deny'd the wretched Privilege,
Which ev'n from my Misfortunes I enjoy'd.

But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd
The Letter which I sent her? 'Twill perhaps
Be some Refreshment to her troubled Soul
To read those Lines, and bath them with her Tears:

Zaid. Before I left her, no such Letter came
To her Apartment. —

Kiss. I deliver'd it
To one of my attending trusty Slaves;
With strict Command to give it none, but her.

Pyr. But see, th' injurious Robber of my Rest
Appears —

Enter Solyman musing.

Kiss. The Prince! Pray good my Lord, retire;
He must not see us two in Consultation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sol.

Sol. Do I yet live? Or has Love's wondrous force
 Transform'd me to a Ghost? My frightened Friends
 Will fly me soon, and shun my lonely Walks.
 O were that all, I might be happy still! —
 But she whom most I labour to pursue,
 She, she will fly me, hate me, scorn me, loath me:
 She will? — She has, she does; and 'tis not likely
 That she, who now rejects me with Disdain,
 Should fall in Love with my Deformity,
 My meagre Looks, and more than dying Paleness,
 Tho' 'tis but just she should with Pity view me,
 Since my Deformity will be reflected
 From her all-conqu'ring Beauty; 'tis but just
 She should at last be kind, and with her Love
 Repair the Ruins which her Scorn has made.

Enter Marama.

Mar. Alone, my Lord? You Lovers are so thoughtful —

Sol. O my *Marama*! do not mock my Miseries;
 I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me;
 I have no middle Fate, but now must be
 Most wretched, or most happy.

Mar. Happy, Sir;
 For if my Genius, which ne'er fail'd you yet,
 Deceive me not at last, that scornful Fair
 Shall yet be yours.

Sol. I doubt it, dear *Marama* —
 Such keen Reflections, such resentful Looks,
 Such fix'd Resolves, shew more of Hate and Coyness.
 Canst thou not guess the Cause of her Severity?

Mar. I can.

Sol. O speak!

Mar. This Paper will speak for me. [Giving a Letter

Sol.

Sol. What's here? Distraction! — *To his faithful Abra —*
Ha! Absence — Vows — Fidelity — For Souls
Know no Confinement — O the racking Torture! —
Wonderous familiar! But no Name subscrib'd —
 How came you by this Paper?

Mar. I met a Slave posting tow'rd's her Apartment;
 Whom I, suspecting, stopp'd; and telling him
 was her Friend, and intimate Acquaintance,
 and just then going to her, with smooth Words
 perswaded him t'intrust me with his Letter;
 With Promise to deliver it that Minute.

At first he scrupled; — But at length remembering
 that he had seen me with her, slip'd the Paper
 into my Hand, and in a Moment vanish'd.

Sol. Know you not whence it came?

Mar. The Slave was gone
 e I could ask the Question.

Sol. Curse on his Haste.

May all —————

at I'll not waste my Curses on a Slave;
 ————— They shall all be carefully reserv'd
 for this detested Rival ——— Whoe'er he be,
 ever blasted be the Hand that wrote,
 the Heart that dictated these fond Expressions;
 my Fortune seem to smile upon their Wishes;
 when they're just upon the Brink of Happiness,
 cure of Disappointment, may she then
 tear their Loves, and tear them from each other,

thus —————

[About to tear the Letter.]

Mar. Hold, Sir ——— What would your Fury do?

This Paper must be carefully preserv'd;

one of your Friends may by the Character

discover him who sent it.

Sol.

Sol. I thank thy Caution: Rage and Jealousie
 Had almost turn'd my Brain — O to compleat
 The direful Curses which I would denounce
 Against that Foe who robs me of my Quiet;
 May he be satisfy'd he has a Rival,
 And never know the Person; so that he
 May feel the Pangs and Throes which I endure;
 And be as exquisite a Wretch, as he
 Who makes him so —

Enter Cuproli.

Cupr. My Lord, I came to find you.

Sol. Why then thou cam'st to find as very a Madman
 As ever rav'd in Chains — Know you this Hand?

Cupr. Perfectly as my own; it is the Visier's.
 Too well I know that hated Character,
 Which signed me my Commission; which, if Merit
 Had been respected, that aspiring Fav'rite
 Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.

Sol. The Visier? ha! the Visier? O my *Cuproli*,
 Thy Hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as Children's undesigning Friendship.
 In Glory he's thy Rival, mine in Love;
 Thee he debars from Greatness, me from Happiness;
 Which nothing but his Blood can e'er atone for.

Cupr. Now you're indeed a Prince: 'Tis Royal Anger,
 But Threats do nothing —

Sol. Nor shall my Vengeance terminate in Threats;
 You know I am not us'd to menace thus,
 And therefore may believe I am in earnest.

Mar. My Company at present may be spared;
 I will withdraw, and seek some other Place,
 Where I may do more Service.

[Exit]

Cupr.

Cupr. I do believe you; in your Looks appears
 noble Resentment, and you now resolve
 (read it in your Eyes) to fill the Throne;
 and bless your longing People with your Reign.

Sol. O torture not my Brain with curs'd Ambition;
 to which I always was averse; but now
 much more than ever, since my lab'ring Soul
 wholly taken up with Thoughts of Love.

Cupr. Why 'tis your Love that I design to further;
 the Visier stands betwixt your Hopes and you:
 or can you ever hurt a Hair of his,
 while *Mahomet* is able to protect him.

Sol. So you have often said.

Cupr. And 'tis too true.

Therefore you either must contentedly
 reigo your Mistress, or dethrone your Brother.

Sol. Why should he suffer for the Visier's Fault?
 My Brother's not my Rival —

Cupr. Say you so?

Is ere this, unless my Trusty Agent
 has plaid me false. —

[*Aside.*]

Sol. Retire, my worthy Friend;

Give me a Moment's Thought, and I will follow,
 and then impart my final Resolution.

Cupr. Farewel, my Lord. — I see I have him sure;
 If my Arguments prove ineffectual,
 My Project cannot fail; it matters not
 so I want Rhet'rick, since my Stratagem
 will amply make Amends for that Defect.

[*Exit.*]

Sol. Forego my Love? No — sooner shall the Frame
 of Nature be unravel'd — yet my Soul
 shudders at the Horror of my Brother's Fate;
 'tis my first Endeavour to complete

My

My Happiness without disturbing his,
 But if it be decreed that either he
 Must quit his Throne, or I that charming Maid;
 My Choice is made ; it will be less unnat'ral
 To break the Tie of Kindred than of Love.

Enter the Kifler Aga.

But see, here comes the Messenger of Death.
 I fear I am betray'd.

Kifl. My Lord, your Ear;

Can you not guess my Bus'ness?

Sol. Guessing, Sir,

Is not my Talent ; pray explain your self;
 And I may apprehend.

Kifl. I hear of late

You are grown the Sultan's Rival in his Pleasures.

Sol. Spare your Preambles, and without more Preface
 Speak your Thoughts boldly, say in short you came
 To give me notice of approaching Death.

Kifl. Your Fears are groundless : True, I know your Fault
 And must, my Lord, upbraid you for your Rashness;
 But not one Drop of your illustrious Blood
 Shall through my Information e'er be spilt.

Sol. Ha!

Kifl. Nay more ; I came to proffer you my Service ;
 And am so far from enterprising ought
 Against your Life, that I will stake my own
 To make you happy.

Sol. You have so o'erpower'd me
 With unexpected Kindness, that my Tongue
 Is mute, and Speech too scanty to express
 My inward Gratitude——I cannot thank you.

Kifl. Nor ought you pay your Thanks'till I deserve 'em
 Which I ere long will do ; for if my Int'rest

the Seraglio be worth desiring,
 you may command it: She for whom you sigh;
 shall be yours; and sure that lovely Maid
 much excels the Sultan's other Beauties,
 you the Sultan.

Sol. I can hold no longer;
 struggling Gratitude must have some vent;
 since in Words it cannot, thus it speaks,
 thus, and thus ———

[Hugs him.]

Ass. Reserve your Raptures for your Mistress's Ear,
 whose Beauty for your sake I will conceal
 in Mahomet; mean-while we may have leisure
 for Consolation, and contrive the Means
 to bring her to your Arms——Your noble Carriage,
 more than Princely Qualities, command
 Service and Respect of all that know you:
 before if any Obstacle there be
 which may be prejudicial to your Love,
 let me, Sir, that I with timely care
 labour to remove it.

Ass. There is a dreadful one;

Myself is my Rival.

Ass. This goes well.

[Aside.]

Ass. Myself? Sure you have been mis-inform'd.

Ass. This Letter will convince you, which just now
 I received. ———

Ass. Give it me, my Lord; [Sol. gives the Letter.]

Ass. I with this may prove his bold Presumption,
 to his Face confront him.——Doubt not, Sir,
 with Threats shall force him to desist.

Enter Pyrrhus behind.

Now, Mahomet, thou art again secure;
 I need not thy Pow'r.

[Aside.]

What do I see?

My Friend in Consultation with my Rival ?

Sol. Words cannot utter

How much your Generosity affects me ;
You have this Minute liv'd an Age of Friendship ;
And I will study to deserve your Kindness.
Farewel ——— and be, if possible, as happy
As you would make the grateful *Solyman*. [Exit]

Kisl. That's very possible. — Ha! here, my Lord?
You come in time ———

Pyr. To witness to your Falshood.
Could I have thought I ever should have cause
T' upbraid your Breach of Faith ?

Kisl. Nor have you now.

Pyr. Why do you shift the Accusation from you?
Are you not false?

Kisl. I am, but not to you.
No, Sir ——— I could not give a better Proof
Of my unviolated Fidelity,
Than by this seeming Falshood ——— to you seeming,
But real to the Prince. For by the help
Of this pretended Kindness I've recover'd
Your Letter, and disarm'd him of the Pow'r
To do you Mischief. ——— [Gives him the Letter]

Pyr. I apprehend, and must with Shame applaud
Thy Wit, and bless thy unexampled Friendship.

Kisl. But what's yet more ; I have by this remov'd
All that could make your Rival formidable.
Now I have laid his Jealousie asleep,
Which otherwise might have prov'd fatal to us.
And now persuaded of my Zeal to serve him,
What-e'er I do for you, he will applaud
As done for him ; and I shall have his Thanks
For carrying on your Int'rest ; nay yet more,
He will be wholly guided by my Counsel,

And move as I direct him : Nay perhaps
His and *Marama's* Cunning may be useful
To further our Design, and you promote
Your Int'rest by th' Assistance of your Rival.

Pyr. That ever I should once suspect such Truth,
Such wond'rous Friendship ! But thy Plot was wrought
Too fine for my dull Sight : — Canst thou forgive me ?

Kisf. My Lord, I cannot blame you ;
If, when you heard and saw what pass'd between us,
Your good Opinion of my Truth was stagger'd,
Ere you knew all. — But come, no more of this.
Droop not, brave Sir ; Fortune is yet your own.
And all these Difficulties will ere long
Shed kinder Influence, inhance your Joys,
And only serve t'improve your Happiness.

Pyr. O ! Blessings on thee, whose reviving Words
Have rais'd me from the Depth of black Despair ;
And once more giv'n me the delightful Prospect
Of my approaching Bliss. — And now methinks
The Clouds of our Misfortunes break away ;
And, spite of all the Dangers which have threaten'd,
My Genius whispers I shall yet be happy.
And still the more I think, my Hopes rise higher ;
The lovely Creature's mine ; I have her here ;
Or ever mine — O Blessing inexpressible !
The bare Reversion of which is better
Than the Possession of all other Pleasures —

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Where is that saucy Slave, that dares controul
My Pleasures, and infringe my best Prerogative ?
O Villain, have I found thee ? Tell me quickly
How didst thou dare to keep the charming *Abra*,
That Miracle of Beauty, from my Sight ?

Kisf. Discover'd ! This unlook'd-for Accident

Has so amaz'd me, that I'm Thunder-struck,
And know not what to answer. ———

Mah. What, speechless?

Kisl. I must confess, your Majesty has much
Surpriz'd me by this unexpected Question.
She whom you speak of is this Day arriv'd;
And therefore not yet fit t'appear before you,
And shew her Beauty at the best Advantage.
Nor did I ever yet receive Command
To bring your charming Slaves to your Embraces
Just at their first Arrival.

Mah. But I hear

This is a Beauty of such uncommon Excellence,
That none who ever shone within my Court
Could match her dazzling Brightness; and if so,
Thou shouldst have brought me the transporting News
Of her Arrival, with as great Impatience
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the World
Were all unanimously come, to lay
Their Scepters at my Footstool, and resign
The yet unconquer'd Globe. ———

Pyr. O give me Patience.

Kisl. Most mighty Emperor ———

Mah. Peace, formal Slave;

I have not time to hear thy dull Excuses;
Be dumb, and listen to my strict Command.
I charge thee bring that lovely charming Maid
Into the pleasant Grotto near the Palace;
Let her attend me there. ——— Look thou obey me,
Or by my Hopes and boiling Expectation
Thy Life shall answer it.

Pyr. Dread Sir, I hear

The Fury of the murm'ring Populace
Is ris'n so high, that they begin to threaten

Love and Empire.

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Your sacred Life, and the seditious Soldiers
Talk of revolting.

Mab. Most audacious Traitors! ———

Be it your Care to quell their Mutiny :

They shall not rob me of a Moment's Pleasure.

No ——— first I'll go where Love and Beauty call me ;

Then put on Majesty, and be all Monarch ;

Awe the presumptuous Rebels with my Frowns,

and look them into Duty ——— As they say

That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,

fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne above ;

and for a while enjoy'd the Sweets of Love.

Then tow'ring high to his sublime Abode,

hook Earth and Seas with his Imperial Nod,

return'd to Thund'ring, and resum'd the God. [Exit.

Pyr. Sure 'twas a Dream, and my deluding Fancy

has scar'd me with a Vision ——— Say, my Friend,

am I awake? and was the Sultan here?

Kis. Alas ! he was ———

Pyr. Then all, it seems, was real,

and I'm the very Wretch that Fate design'd.

No ——— 'Tis impossible ——— It cannot be ———

Why, but a Moment since I was most happy,

secure of future Ills. ——— O ! no ——— I was not ———

then, then I dream'd ; and fed on Airy Hopes,

which my own flatt'ring Wishes form'd ——— but now

Fortune has rous'd me from that pleasing Sleep,

to make me feel, and thoroughly understand

substantial Mis'ry ——— But I'll not complain ;

Children and Cowards rail at their Misfortunes ———

I will curb in my Grief, and in my Breast

confinè the struggling Passion ; 'till my Veins

be burst, and from my Eyes the gushing Blood

flow out instead of Tears.

Kiss. Capricious Chance!

How swift a Turn was This! ——— Just as your Hopes
Were elevated to the highest Pitch,
And bore you to the Clouds; they strait retreated,
And left you to Despair.

Pyr. Ay, there's the Torment.

So I have heard with equal suddenness
Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew;
And quite defenceless left the scaly Race.
The Dolphins which ere-while with wanton Pride
Spread their broad Fins, and lash'd the foaming Tide;
Vainly essay'd to suck the faithless Flood
With heaving Gills, and tumbled in the Mud.
And Whales which with their Trunks the Stars could reach
Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy Beach.
So have my Hopes, whose Waves ere-while ran o'er,
And to the Skies my tow'ring Wishes bore;
Retir'd, and left me gasping on the Shore. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A Pleasant Grotto.

Enter Solyman.

Sol. **W**Hither will Love and furious Jealousie
Hurry my Resolution? Certain Death
I know attends me, should the trembling Leaves
Or the least Murmur of my Breath betray me;
Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen
Observe, and listen to the Sultan's Courtship;
And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.
Vain Hopes! ——— His Pow'r will force what she denies

And yet, my Friend the *Kisler's* Project cheers me,
Who promises to bring her to the Sultan
With six more Virgins, who for Youth and Beauty
May challenge all but her; them he adorns
With all th' Embellishments that Art can give,
That *Mahomet* by such Variety
Of Objects may be puzzled in his Choice;
And all to help my Love—Hark! They approach. [*Retires.*]

Enter the Kisler Aga with Abra.

Kisl. Compose your self, dear Madam, dry your Eyes;
And smoooth your Looks; your Grief must be conceal'd.
Should you appear in Tears before the Sultan,
You would inspire him with a jealous Rage,
Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

Abr. I'll do my best Endeavour, tho' I fear
My Sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

*Enter Eunuchs with Six Women of the Seraglio: The Kisler
places them with Abra. Then enter Mahomet, and seats
himself.*

A Symphony of soft Musick; after which, this Song.

Happy Monarch, who with Beauty
Tiresome Cares of State beguiles;
Whose Fair Subjects pay their Duty
In consenting Looks and Smiles:
Who from the noisie Battel comes,
From the shrill Trumpet's Clangor, and the thund'ring Drums;
With Love's soft Accents to compose
His Passion, ruffled by his Foes.
And happy She, whose Eyes can dart
A killing Shaft to reach his Heart:
For sure more Glory can no Female have,
Than She whose Charms this Conqueror can enslave:

Abra-Mulè: Or,

*Who the World's Lord her sighing Captive views,
And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.*

*[After the Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out Abra:
Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women: The Kistler
retires to a Corner of the Stage.*

Mah. How comes it, Fair One, that your down-cast Looks
Speak you uneasie, and dissatisfy'd
With that high Honour, with your Beauty claims,
And which my Love confers? Believe me, Maid,
Not one of those, whom for your sake I slighted,
Would with Indiff'rence have receiv'd my Passion:
Excess of Joy would raise their florid Charms;
And Pride would redden in their flushing Faces,
Glow in their Cheeks, and sparkle in their Eyes,
But Discontent sits low'ring on your Brow,
And by the Coldness of your Air you seem
To disapprove my Choice.

Abr. Your Pardon, Sir,
If conscious of my own Unworthiness,
And dead to all Ambition, I appear
The less transported with your Royal Favours;
My want of Merit mortifies my Pride;
Nor can I with full Satisfaction wear
Those Honours, which I never can deserve.

Mah. Or rather conscious of your matchless Worth;
You rate your Beauty at so high a Value,
That nothing Human, in your tow'ring Thoughts,
Is worthy to possess it.

Abr. Sacred Sir —————

Mah. Or else in Pity to your Captive Monarch
You strive to cloud your Brightness, and restrain
The Lightning of your Eyes: lest on the spot
Its Force should flash me dead ——— But 'tis in vain ———

You cannot check the killing Darts of Love ;
Sight of your self you please, and in one Moment
The Glory of your Conquest is compleated.

Abr. Confound me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart, to fill
My Cheeks with Blushes.

Mah. Why it matters not ;
Whether you Blush, or Weep, or Smile, or Frown ;
You always Charm ; nor can you coin your Face
To an unpleasing Shape.—Therefore no more
Of little Doubts and Fears ; this very Hour
You shall be happy in your Sov'reign's Arms.

Abr. O never, Sir.

Mah. Ha ! never ? who am I ?

Abr. What have I said ? Forgive me, Royal Sir ;
My Tongue bely'd my Thoughts ——— But I recall
Those Words ; I am your Slave, and must obey.

Mah. My Slave ? and must obey ? No, think not, Fair One,
That I resolve to ravish, like a Tyrant,
What your cold Virgin Modesty denies.
I will forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty ; then court you like a Slave ;
Kiss at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.

Abr. Forbid it, Fate, that Sov'reign Majesty
Should so far be degraded, as to stoop
Beneath the lowest and most abject Wretch
That ever bore Misfortune.

Mah. Hah ! no more,
No more of that, my Love ; why I am Fortune,
And whoso'er I smile on must be happy.
Therefore enlarge thy Wishes, and demand
Whatever Happiness thy Thoughts can form :
And by our Prophet's Soul I swear to grant it.

Abr. Then thus, Sir, prostrate at your Royal Feet
I humbly crave no other Boon than this ; [Kneels,
Restore me to my self, (and so may all
Your Joys be crown'd) dismiss me from your Court.

Mah. Not for the Empire of ten thousand Worlds.—
My Oath, however solemn, binds me not
T' Impossibilities.—What ! Live without thee?
As well thou may'st desire me to forego
My Soul, my self, and live without my Life.
But tell me, stubborn Fair, what have you seen
For which you thus decline your Happiness,
And keep me at this Distance? Speak, what is it
That makes you thus averse to Love and Glory?

Abr. O question me no more — I dare not speak.

Mah. What do you fear? My Presence cannot awe you:
'To you I am no Monarch.

Abr. I'm a Virgin.

Mah. Well.

Abr. And prize my Honour dearer than my Life.

Mah. Make you no Diff'rence then between the Actions
Of Kings and common Men? By my Embraces
Your Virtue is not sully'd, but ennobled
Above its native Worth; as my Effigies
Stamp'd on my Coin adds Value to the Metal.

Abr. O do not, Sir, delude me with false arguing;
The greatest Monarch's Actions cannot make
Virtue of Vice; as by your Royal Image
Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor Brass to Silver.
Therefore I beg you, Sir —————

Mah. Rise, Empress, rise —————

For from this Moment be that Title thine;
Such Beauty join'd with such transcendent Virtue
Deserves no less.—Here, take her to thy Care. [To the Kisser
Droop not, fair Excellence; your Chastity

Shall not be violated. — Holy Rites
 Shall make us one, and justify our Pleasures.
 Let some of the attending Eunuchs wait. [*To the Kisser.*
 On her to her Apartment; but return
 Thy self, and instantly attend me here. [*Exit Kiss. with Abr.*
 Prodigious Change! That a licentious Monarch,
 Who many Years with boundless Luxury
 Has rioted on Beauty, should at last
 Become as very a sighing, whining Lover,
 As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

Re-enter the Kisser-Aga.

Prepare my Royal Presents, and attend
 The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;
 And let her have for her peculiar Residence
 One of the Sultaneſs's rich Apartments.

Kiss. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

Blab. To-Morrow!

I'll visit her, and reinforce my Suit.
 Till now I knew not what it was to love;
 My loose Desires deserv'd a fouler Name,
 But this fair Charmer has refin'd my Passions,
 And with her Virtue taught me to admire
 The Beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her
 I will endure the tedious Toil of Courtship.
 Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;
 And I'll forgive the Fates the Loss of *Buda*.
 And sure I shall succeed: She's more than mortal,
 She'll resist me; when the Charms of Empire
 Shall join their Forces, her great Soul to move,
 With all the soft Artillery of Love.

[*Exit.*

Kiss. So! now 'tis finish'd ——— Cruel Destiny,
 Thou hast done thy worst, and I despise thee now.

Enter

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. O Friend ———

Kisl. My Lord ?

Pyr. Why dost thou speak so coldly ?

Canst thou not call me Friend ?

Kisl. I cannot.

Pyr. Why ?

Kisl. Because it is not just you should be mine,
Unless I could be yours.

Pyr. Why, art thou not ?

Kisl. I would be.

Pyr. Then thou art.

Kisl. But cruel Fortune ———

Pyr. Why Friendship is above the reach of Fortune;
Not to be rated from the blind Events
Of giddy Chance ——— But thou hast spoken this
Only to wave the Horror of my Fate,
And mollifie my Sentence ——— But no more ;
Pronounce my Doom, for I can bear it now, ———
And yet thou need'st not ; thy despairing Looks
Have told me all the Tragick Tale already.

Kisl. My Lord, I would advise you to be calm;
Summon the Force of Reason to your Aid;
And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.

Pyr. Alas ! Thou know'st not what thou wouldst advise
My Love is grown immortal, as my Soul,
And can no more be shaken off than That.
'Tis no wild, sudden Start of youthful Blood;
But utterly disclaims the Name of *Passion* :
And is the great and regular Desire
Of Happiness, implanted in us all ;
That Spring which turns the universal Wheel
Of Human Actions ——— Therefore talk no more
Of that ——— But, as thou say'st, I will be calm ;

And not disparage with indecent Sorrow
My great Misfortunes——But proceed, my Friend,
And tell the Circumstances of my Fate.

Kisf. I have not leisure now ; I must be gone
With Speed to execute the Sultan's Orders ;
But as we go I will inform you all.

Pyr. Yet ere thou stir, I will prevail with thee
To grant me one Request.

Kisf. What's that, my Lord?

Pyr. To let me see her, ere I leave the World.

Kisf. Ah! Sir, why would you urge your Fate, and mine?

Pyr. Not for the World, no not for the Enjoyment
Of her I love, would I the least endanger
The Safety of my Friend.——

Of thee I only beg to be directed
To her Apartment ; I alone will dare
The Anger of the Sultan.

Kisf. I have thought on't,
And you shall go.

Pyr. Now Blessings on thy Head.

Kisf. But you must condescend to be disguis'd,
Put on a Negro's gloomy Face, and take
An Eunuch's Dress.

Pyr. O any thing, my Friend——
I've heard the Pow'rs themselves of old, for Love
Far less than mine, have left their Starry Thrones,
And hid their dazzling Forms in Brutal Shapes ;
Less charming were the Beauties which they sought,
And more their Condescension.

Kisf. Mahomet
Will not renew his Visit 'till to-morrow ;
Wherefore to-day you may with little Hazard
In that Disguise be brought to her Apartment.

Pyr. For me there is no Danger of Discov'ry ;

Since nought remains but Death, and sure Despair.

Kist. No; I have yet some faint Remains of Hope;
Perhaps I may inflame with Jealousie
The Sultaneſs's proud, imperious Spirit
To ſuch a Height, that her unbounded Rage
Ev'n now may furniſh her with means to part them. [*Exeunt.*

Solyman from his Covert.

'Tis well — My Love is in a hopeful way —
The Sultan burns and languiſhes like me;
And tho' he wants her Love, he has her Perſon,
And may complete his Wiſhes when he pleaſes.
The Viſier, tho' he wants her Perſon, yet
Enjoys her Love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,
Curſt with ill Stars, born in a luckleſs Minute,
Has nothing of the Lover, but the Torment,
And yet to make me more contemptible,
I am become the Sport of a curſt Slave;
Abus'd and cheated by that helliſh Eunuch.
Confuſion! I want Patience to endure
A thought of this — Muſt I be made their Engine?
Their Under-Tool, to truckle to my Rival?
O! I ſhall burſt with Fury, if my Friends,
Whom I appointed to attend me here,
Come not to my Relief — I muſt go ſeek them
To vent my Rage, and eaſe my burden'd Soul.

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

O you are come in time to my Aſſiſtance,
To help me —

Cupr. What?

Sol. Curſe.

Hal. Curſe whom?

Sol. The Sultan, Viſier, *Kiſter*, all the World.

Cupr. The Provocation?

Sol. I want Breath to tell you;

Unless you'll help me to discharge my Fury,
By thundring Death and Vengeance on their Heads.

Hal. Then you have lost your Mistress?

Sol. Past Recov'ry.

Cupr. What, is she dead?——

Sol. She is to me.

Cupr. The Sultan has possess'd her?

Sol. No; but he is resolv'd.

Cupr. And you stand here,
And bravely bid us curse him —— Is't not so?

Sol. Ha!

Cupr. My Lord, I wear a Sword to do you Service;
But for that Female Valour, Noise and Railing ——
Your Pardon, Sir —— 'Tis not a Soldier's Talent.

Hal. Is it a Time to curse, in this nice Juncture,
When niggard Fate allows you not a Day
To manage an Affair of such Importance?
You must, before to-morrow's Dawn, depose
Your Brother, or for ever lose your Mistress.

Sol. What I have heard and seen has wrought more with me
Than all you urge —— Yes, I am now resolv'd
To ascend the Throne; and you can witness for me,
That I was tender of my Brother's Fate;
And drove it to the last Extremity,
Before I would consent to act this Violence.
But now his Doom is fix'd; propose the Means.

Cupr. The Visier's Ruin smoothes the way to his;
You must begin with him.

Hal. At your Desire
The threat'ning Army will surround the Palace;
And with one gen'ral Voice demand his Head.

Sol. No —— I've more artfully contriv'd his Death ——
He is the Army's Idol, and besides
Such violent Proceedings may be dang'rous;

But I will order Matters with such Conduct,
That *Mahomet* shall of his own accord
Pronounce his Fav'rite's Doom, and by his Ruin
Be instrumental to his own Destruction.

Cupr. That were indeed a Masterly Contrivance.

Sol. The Visier, aided by that other Fiend,
The *Kisler Aga*, has with him agreed
To visit his lov'd *Abra* in Disguise:
And apprehends no Danger of Discovery,
Because the Sultan, 'till to-morrow Morning,
Resolves t' absent himself from her Apartment.
Now I will plant my Spies t' observe their Motions,
And give me notice when they are secure:
And then you know there are a thousand ways
To give the Sultan secret Intimation
Of this Design: He, fir'd, with jealous Rage,
Will fly to her Apartment, and surprize them
Perhaps in their Embraces——Then what follows
Your selves may guess.

Cupr. This cannot fail; let's instantly about it.

Sol. Yes, I'll dispatch——And ere the Sun has finish'd
One Revolution more, he shall behold
A greater in this Empire——Beauteous *Abra*!
Sure never were there Charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends,
Let dull Astrologers foretel the Doom
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, and with their Schemes
And Calculations cheat the giddy Crowd:
More ruling is the Aspect of thy Beauty,
Than That of those bright Orbs——To States and Empires
More fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
Than all those glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to a magnificent Apartment.*

Abra and Zaida. Imperial Robes lying on the Table.

Abra. Sure, my dear *Zaida*, such ill Planets rul'd
My Birth, that 'tis above the Pow'r of Fortune
To make me happy. —
Why was I singled out from all my Sex
To be this gawdy Wretch? to be advanc'd
To this great Empire? when so many Millions
Would be transported with those envy'd Honours
Which she has heedlessly misplac'd on me.
For all this Grandeur serves but to refine
My Woes, and dignifie my great Misfortunes:
These sparkling Gems, and Chains of Orient Pearl,
This glitt'ring Gold, and these gay costly Robes
Were only to enrich and gild my Mis'ries,
And make me wretched with more Pomp and Splendor.

Zaid. Be comforted, dear Madam: Time perhaps
Will reconcile you to Imperial Greatness,
And make these heavy Robes of State sit easie.

Enter the Kisser Aga, and Pyrrhus in Disguise.

See the *Kisser* comes, your kind Assister;
Perhaps he brings you Comfort from your Lord —
Al no — He comes attended with a Slave;
To bear some fatal Message from the Sultan.

[*The Kisser comes forward.*

Abra. Ah! Sir, what Tidings now? Tell me what Hope?
Who is my Lord?

[*Py. Embracing her.*] Beyond Expression bless'd,
Thus he clasps the most elab'rate Pattern
Of Human Excellence — Thou all Perfection —
Life — My Soul —

Abra. O! —

[*Swoons.*

Zaid.

Zaid. She faints ———

Pyr. Stand off, my Love will prove the best Physician;
The warmth of glowing Kisses shall infuse
Fresh Spirits, and renew the sprightly Motion
Of her unactive Pulses — Speak, my Love,
'Tis I, thy *Pyrrhus* — Sure my Voice will raise thee:
Wake from thy Trance, lift up thy heavy Lids,
And bless me with the Lustre of thy Eyes.

Abr. 'Tis he himself, my Dear, my only Lord —
And now the Conflict of tumultuous Passions,
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, and bore me from my self
Is sunk into a Calm — Doubt, Hope, and Fear
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my Breast
To fierce transporting Joy — Too well I know
The Lines of that ador'd Majestick Face
To be deceiv'd; nor can the Power of Art
Disguise thee from my Love —

Pyr. Thou kindest, faithfullest of all thy Sex;
I almost fear'd that this vile servile Dress,
And th' artificial *Negro* in my Face
Would hide me ev'n from Thee: and make thee loath me,
Fly my Embraces, and disown my Arms.
And 'tis indeed prepost'rous, while I join
This grim Complexion with that charming Face;
Throw my black Arms about thy snowy Neck,
And fully thus its Whiteness — O my Love,
Suits this base Habit with those Royal Robes;
Or a great Empress with an abject Slave?

Abr. Yet are our Souls well pair'd, and fit each other
No matter for the Outside; and believe me
Thou charm'st me more, my Love, in this Disguise
Than once thou did'st when deck'd in shining Armour,
And all the Dreadful Gacety of War,
Thou cam'st to pour thy Thunder on my Foes.

And rescue me from those curs'd Ravishers.
Tho' then, when I beheld thy wondrous Port;
Gen'rous Compassion mix'd with awful Majesty;
I in a Moment gaz'd my Soul away,
And languish'd, sigh'd, and dy'd upon the Object.

Pyr. What was my Transport then? when first I saw thee
Trembling, and in Confusion; pale and redd'ning
By turns; when all thy Charms were in a hurry;
And the retreating, and returning Blood
Surpriz'd me with Vicissitude of Beauty.
How did my Heart—— But 'tis unutterable;
No Words of Rapture can express my Passion;
Nor how I since have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleasant
To think and recollect our past Delights.
I may look backward then, forward I dare not; —
For 'tis a gloomy Prospect; and my Soul
Starts at the Horror——

Abr. O —— b.

Pyr. Why do you sigh?

Abr. Can you ask?

Pyr. 'Tis true indeed our Woes have made that Question
Impertinent—— well—— you may weep your Fill ——
I'll not deny you your sad Share of Grief;
It is your due, and 'twould be great Injustice
To bar you of your Right.—— But speak, my Love,
Didst thou not say I rescu'd thee?

Abr. You did.

Pyr. I rescu'd thee indeed—— But oh!—— for whom?
I have but won thee from less pow'rful Foes
To yield thee to a greater; and from him
How shall I rescue thee? ——

Abr. Some kind Pow'r instruct you.

Pyr. No; they have still been deaf to all my Pray'rs;
Cross'd my Designs, and frown'd upon my Love,

I am as weak, and helpless as thy self;
 And all that I can do is now to mingle
 My Tears with thine, to sob upon thy Breast;
 And vent my Sorrows in unmanly Wailing.

Ab. Since then 'tis doom'd that we must part for ever —

Pyr. Ha! Part for ever! Let me think on that! —
 Eternal Separation ——— Racking Thought!
 'Tis not to be endur'd ——— Can I bear this?
 To lose thee now, when I've so long pursu'd thee
 Through the wild Mazes of uncertain Chance?
 When by long Custom, and an Age of Love
 Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my Heart?
 Or can I think with Patience that another
 Rifies thy Charms, and ——— No, I will not bear it;
 But fly this very Moment to thy Rescue;
 Tear off this slavish, this disgraceful Habit,
 And put on Armour; lead my conqu'ring Troops
 Against my Master; and by force of Arms
 Compel the lawless Tyrant to resign thee.

Kisl. My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled Passion
 Transports you into Frenzy; else you would not
 Talk with such Heat of Things impossible.

Pyr. Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldst thou stop my Madness
 With ill-tim'd Reason? While my Rage was hot,
 I was insensible of my Misfortunes;
 But now I'm cool, my festring Sorrows smart,
 And I'm relaps'd into a Coward ——— Oh
 Bear me, my Love, support me on thy Bosom;
 Or I shall sink beneath my pond'rous Woes,
 And at thy Feet expire. ———

Ab. Alas! my Lord, if your great Martial Spirit
 Be quite unmann'd, and melted into Softness;
 How shall a poor weak Woman's tender Soul
 Bear up beneath the pressing Weight of Sorrow?

Love and Empire.

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Your Torments all are trebled in my Breast;
And I have far more need of you to prop
My sinking Body — Oh! — My boding Heart
Tells me, my Lord, these are our last Embraces,
And we shall never, never meet again.

Pyr. Then — to prevent it — We will never part —
This is my fix'd and final Resolution.

Abr. What means my Love?

Pyr. Mean? — Canst thou ask the Question? —
Thou wouldst not have me leave thee. —

Abr. Not leave me?

Pyr. No.

Abr. You shall, you must.

Pyr. Is't possible?

Do I hear this from thee?

Abr. Alas! — He raves —

Recall your Thoughts, my Lord; think where you are:
You die, if you're discover'd.

Pyr. Death is certain,

Whether I stay, or no — For canst thou think
I will survive that Hour (Oh! hold my Brain! —)

Which yields thy Beauties to the Sultan's Bed?

Oh! never — Death then either way is certain —

But by the desp'rare Choice which now I make,

The few remaining Minutes of my Life

Shall all be spent in gazing on thy Charms,

In Kisses and Embraces. — 'Till to-morrow

The Sultan will be absent; This (tho' short)

Is better than an Age of vulgar Life.

Thus shall I manage to the best Advantage

Each precious Moment — Ev'n in Death's last Pangs

My closing Eyes shall view thee; and my Ears

Shall drink in the Musick of thy charming Accents:

My dear, lov'd Name shall cool upon my Lips

The

The last, or die unfinish'd on my Tongue.

Abr. Nay, then indeed I am completely wretched;
Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that
Which, if obtain'd, is worse than Death — O fly,
Fly, my dear Lord — Since your own Life is valu'd
At nothing by you, let my Danger wake you;
Think how you can endure to see me die.

Pyr. I know the Sultan's Love will save thy Life;
He'd sooner stab himself than thee — Too well
I know thy Pow'r, to apprehend that Danger.

Abr. What shall I do to save him? — Yet in pity
To me, consider what I must endure,
To see thee in thy last convulsive Agonies;
Strangled by impious Hands before my Face;
Gasping for Life, and sobbing out thy Soul —
Oh! Horror! — Dismal Image! — Speak you, Sir —
[To the King]

Persuade him from this Frenzy — Sure you will,
Unless, like him, you too have lost your Senses;
Quite doz'd and stupify'd with our Misfortunes.

Kisl. My Lord, you must comply; and let our Pray'rs
Divert you from this desp'rate Resolution:
For tho' that Fair One may be safe, your self
And Friend must both inevitably perish. [wand'ring]

Pyr. My Friend? — Oh! whither have my Thoughts been
That I should be regardless of thy Safety?
That Thought indeed has broke my firm Resolves —
And now I go — It cannot, will not be —
My Soul is quite unable to command
My Body, or my Body to obey —
Go? Leave such Excellence? — No; rather banish
All Reason, common Sense, and be a Villain:
Be any thing, do, suffer any thing.

Rath

Love and Empire.

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Rather than part — Again at this Distraction? —
What? Be a Villain? — Insupportable —
O pardon me, my Friend — And lest I should
Relapse again, sound Villain in my Ears —
Yes — I am conquer'd now — I'd sooner suffer
Death, Fire, Racks, Wheels, Impalements, ev'n the Pangs
Of losing her; nay, after that, of Life,
Than wrong my Friend — And lest impetuous Passion
Again should blind my Reason, I will go
This Minute — Yet — once more — one last Embrace —
And then — farewell — for ever —

[Just as he is going off,

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Ha! so familiar! clasp'd in their Embraces!
Just as I was inform'd — But is it possible?
Is this my choicest Fav'rite? — Art thou *Pyrrhus*?
Pyrr. Sultan, I am.

Mah. Prodigious Insolence! —

Presum'st thou then to brave me to my Face,
And thus avow thy black Ingratitude?
Dost thou not blush — But thou dost well to screen
Thy Impudence with *Ethiopian* Night;
That black Complexion suits thy guilty Mind,
And th' ignominious Habit of a Slave
Becomes thee well — A Gen'ral's warlike Dress
Disguis'd thee most — This is thy proper Garb,
And well befits thy base, degen'rate Soul.

Pyrr. I tell thee, Sultan, this unkingly Railing
Reflects more Scandal on thy self, than me.
How canst thou brand me with that hateful Vice
Which I disdain to name? Me, who have prop'd
Thy sinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with Conquest:
Not by this Act, for which thou now upbraid'st me,
Wrong thee not; for know, the beauteous *Abra*

Has

Has long been mine, before she saw thy Court:
And if thou force her from me, I retort
That nauseous Word, and tell thee, Thou'rt ungrateful.

Mah. Thine, Villain, thine? That lovely Creature thine?
By what ——— But I'll not parly with my Slave;
Away to Death with that audacious Traitor,
Whose unexampled Boldness so amaz'd me,
That I'd almost forgot I was a Monarch.
Quick, instantly, dispatch — I will not hear him.

Abr. O spare him, save him, spare your Hero's Life;
His Love ———

Mah. Dar'st thou, Ungrateful, intercede?
Did not thy Charms protect thee, thou shou'dst bleed.
But tho' thy Beauty fires me, yet I hate thee;
And know, 'tis more love of my self than thee,
That saves thee from my Fury.

Abr. Barb'rous Tyrant ———
O pardon, Sir, that heedless rash Expression ———
You are all that's Good, Majestick, Great, and Noble;
I will embrace and kiss your Royal Feet,
Do any thing to save his precious Life.

Mah. Fool that thou art, by this fond Intercession
To wing his Fate ——— Why, for thy sake he dies:
Nor canst thou study more effectually
To plead against him, than by pleading for him.

Abr. Will nothing mollifie that flinty Heart?
Unless you instantly reverse his Sentence,
No Promises nor Threats, no Racks nor Crowns
Shall urge me to comply with your Desires.
But if ———

Mah. Speak on, for I can listen now.

Pyr. I charge thee hold; I bar that fatal Compact —
Think'st thou to save my Life by this Compliance?
No, no, my Love — The thought of that will end me

er than his Commands; then thou wilt be
Murd'refs, and my dying Breath shall curse thee.

Mab. Confusion!——How he trifles with my Fury!

ye Villains, bear him to his Death;

let that hellish Slave, his base Accomplice,

[Points to the Kisser.]

A better of his Treasons, share his Fate.

Traitrefs ———

Mra. Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monster;

[Rising, drops a Letter.]

thy loath'd Sight, and fly from the most hated

the most lov'd of Men——O my dear Lord!

will I grow for ever to thy Breast,

die with thee; his Rage shall never part us.

Mab. Give me a Dagger——I'll defer no longer

just Revenge——No, Serpents, I'll not part you;

join you closer, nail you to each other——

[Just going to stab 'em, spies the Letter.]

stay a Moment——This may discover more.

that detested Villain's Character——

on your Kindness——Ha! Another Rival!

her Rival mention'd in this Letter——

will my Tortures end? But yet 'twas lucky

had 'em not, before I spy'd this Paper;

had this unknown Traitor 'scap'd my Vengeance.

Mra. So he shall still for me; I'll ne'er discover him.

Mab. Why, dost thou love him too?——

Mra. No——He's of all Mankind, except thyself,

utmost Object of my Scorn and Hate;

I will shelter him from thy Revenge,

make him instrumental to my own.

Mab. I understand thee not, thou talk'st in Riddles——

er thou mean'st, I scorn thy foolish Threats.

shall yet unfold this Mystery;

Since She persists so obstinate, speak Thou; [To P]
Thou wilt not sure protect thy hated Rival.

Pyr. Yes; since I can no more be injur'd by him,
I'll shield him from thy Fury — My great Soul
Disdains to stoop to such a mean Revenge.
Nor will I stain my Honour at my Death,
By such a base and cowardly Impachment.

Mah. So resolute? Yet we shall find a way —
Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this Secret.

Pyr. The Rack? How I despise thy feeble Menaces!
I thought thou had'st known me better, than to think
That Torments can unhinge my Resolution.

Abr. O Cruelty! — I cannot bear that Thought —
Your other Rival is —

Pyr. O hold —
Thou may'st too late perhaps repent this Rashness; —
Besides, I know and see it in his Eyes,
His Rage is now so high, that this Discov'ry
From thee, or any other but my self,
Will not prevent the Torments he has threaten'd.

Mah. Thou counsell'st well; I take thee at thy Word;
Nothing shall do it, but thy own Confession,
Which, spight of thee, Racks shall at last extort.

Abr. He has no sense of manly Bravery,
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.

Mah. I thank thee — Thou dost well to rail away
My foolish Fit of Love which curb'd my Vengeance;
And let my Fury loose to blast you both.
Again at their Embraces? — Oh Distraction!
Guard, seize 'em both, and drag 'em both to Death —
Come back, ye Slaves; he dies that touches her;
Where is thy Fury now?

Abr. Why think'st thou, Tyrant,
To gain my Favour by thy foolish Mercy?

My Death had pleas'd me more.

Mab. I know it, Sorc'refs ;

Therefore thou shalt not die — No, I've resolv'd

At once to satiate my Revenge, and Love.

Tear 'em asunder, and then bear her hence.

Abr. Farewel, my Love; when thy great Soul has left
Thy tortur'd Body, stay a Moment for me ;

Hover a while in this inferior Region ;

I shall o'ertake thee soon — Then we'll defie

This Haughty Tyrant's Rage, and mount together. [*Exit.*

Mab. Guards, execute your Orders on those Slaves —

Pyr. Without Reluctance I embrace my Doom ;

But should indeed deserve the odious Brand

Of foul Ingratitude, should I conceal

Your Danger; for you're still my Royal Master,

Tho' Love has made this fatal Breach between us.

And thus submissive I implore your Pardon

[*Kneels.*

For all th' indecent Words my Rage has utter'd.

Be careful of your Safety — I suspect

Some form'd Design against your Government ;

And still (ev'n since I've known you for my Rival)

Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this

A base Submission, to prolong my Life ;

I would not now accept of such a Favour.

Mab. 'Tis false — But think not thou shalt thus disarm

My Vengeance — Guards, do as you first were order'd ;

Let him, as I commanded, bear the Rack ;

He well deserves it, if for nothing else,

Yet for his sawcy Love — His Crime's the same

With his who Rivall'd the great Thunderer :

Therefore it is but just his Punishment

Should be the same which that rash Fool endur'd.

Were it in my Pow'r to make his Pains

Lasting too ; like that, this bold *Ixion*

Should suffer in a Circle of fresh Woe;
A Round of still returning Torment feel,
And groan out Ages on the racking Wheel.

[Exe]

Pyr. See her no more! O harsh Decree of Fate!
And then to think what will become of her,
Left to a Tyrant's Rage—That's double Torture.—

Offic. My Lord, we must obey the Sultan's Order,
By leading you to Death.

Pyr. Ha! well remember'd!
My Soul was so entirely taken up
With Thought of her, that lost in Contemplation,
I swear I had forgot I was to die——
Nor is it strange——I've more than dy'd already,
Have born a far more cruel Separation
Than that of Soul and Body——O my Torment!——
O haste, and bear me to the Rack for ease.

Offic. Your Mightiness must share a milder Fate.

[To the Kisse]

Pyr. My Friend to die?—Then oncemore I'm a Coward—
This weight of Woe falls heavier on my Soul,
Than all I yet have suffer'd——O my Friend,
Am I the curst Occasion of thy Death?
Have I betray'd thy Innocence to Ruin?
The Tortures of a thousand Wheels and Engines
Are downy Beds of Ease, and soft Repose,
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Kiss. My Lord, you wrong me,
While you with such Concern resent my Death.
Your Sorrow calls me Coward——but unjustly——
I have a Soul that scorns the fear of dying.

Pyr. O wond'rous Courage!
But still I'm curst the more, by being the Ruin
Of so much Worth——I could, without regret,
In my own Person die a thousand Deaths;

But thus to die in thee is insupportable.

Offic. My Lords, we must dispatch; for all those *Bassas*;
Whose Heads the raging Multitude demanded,
Must suffer with you.

Pyr. Ha! not bear the Rack?

Offic. No, my Lord.

Pyr. No, 'tis not just they should—I am their Gen'ral,
And by superior Eminence demand

A larger share of Fate——Nor is it fit

They should aspire to rival me in Death.

Come on——I'll strip off this vile, less'ning Habit,

And deck myself with all the Pomp of War:

Then, as it is my Duty, lead my Soldiers

To this our last, but far more glorious Conflict.

He thinks I'm more at Ease, now Death approaches;

Secure of any future Separation

From her I love——

We soon shall meet, never to part again——

So that my Hopes are center'd; and by that

Imagination wound so high, that now

My Soul, intent on Paradise and Her,

On the Rack its Firmness shall maintain;

And wrapt in Thought, and negligent of Pain. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Solyman and Haly.

*C*HUSE to be tortur'd, rather than discover
His mortal Foe? What Frenzy has possess'd thee?

Hal. My Lord, I cannot wonder

At such amazing Generosity

Creeds Belief; but that you are conceal'd

From *Mahomet* by the *Visier*, is as true
As that I have your Promise to succeed him.

Sol. O matchless Instance of Heroick Virtue!
But if the Greatness of his Soul be tinctur'd
With the least Mixture of Humanity,
I shall be yet accus'd ——— He's more than Heroe,
If having felt the Torments of the Rack,
He still persist t'endure those ling'ring Pains
To Death it self; and all to save the Life
Of his most cruel and invet'rate Foe;
'Tis not to be conceiv'd; he must betray me,
And Ruin yet attends me.

Hal. To prevent it,
You must with all imaginable Speed
Disarm your Brother of the Pow'r to hurt you;
And with your best Address and Resolution
Push on your great Design, and ripen Fate.
This very Moment the *Divan* is sitting
In secret Consultation, to dethrone
The Sultan; and in less than half an Hour
The black deposing *Fesfa* will be sign'd.

Enter Cuproli.

But *Cuproli* appears; his Haste and Looks
Speak it already done.

Cupr. Hail, mighty *Solyman*!
Great Monarch, hail — I come with full Commission
To greet thee by that Title — Kneel, my Friend. [*Both Kneel*]
Thus we salute you Emperor, and thus
Present the Homage of the whole *Divan*.

Sol. Rise, worthy Friends; and, with my charming Emper
Still share my Heart. — But say, how fares the *Visier*?
Ere this he has accus'd me ——— Is't not so?

Cupr. O fear not him — No Human Force can shake hi
When he has once resolv'd. ———

Sol. Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity
Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more
For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,
Than he has for his greatest Enemy.
To him I owe my Life, my Love, and Empire;
To him, whose Life and Honour I betray'd.
This unexampled Brav'ry so affects me,
That I could weep for his untimely Fall;
And curse my self, the Author of his Ruin:
But is he dead?

Cupr. 'Tis sure he cannot live;
But whether he has yet expir'd, I know not.

Sol. If there remain a Possibility
Of saving him, I'll instantly give Orders
To have his Life preserv'd, and all Means us'd
To heal his Wounds; and wish 'twere in my Power
To make such Worth Immortal. ——— [Exit Solyman.]

Cupr. Your Commands
Will come too late; spight of your Care he dies:
And by his Fall I rise to all those Honours
To which my restless Soul has long aspir'd.
At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious Goal;
And now methinks the Charms of Greatness seem
More beautiful than ever: The bright Object,
Drawn nearer to me, ravishes my Sight,
And I'm transported with Excess of Pleasure.

Hal. Suspend your Raptures 'till you've gain'd the Prize.

Cupr. O! I'm secure; as fully satisfy'd
As if I had receiv'd the great Commission.

Hal. Then you are sure t'obtain the Grant of it
From Solyman?

Cupr. Most certain.

Hal. Has he promis'd?

Cupr. No, but you know we two divide his Heart,

He can deny us nothing.

Hal. Perhaps he can.

Cupr. Why?

Hal. Because it is not in his Pow'r to give
The same Degree of Honour to us both.

Cupr. But he has store of Honours to dispose of.

Hal. But not of equal Value.

Cupr. Ha! What mean'st thou?

Hal. Only to let you see that 'tis yet possible
You may be disappointed.

Cupr. Why? Your Reason?

Hal. Because the new-made Sultan, to my Knowledge,
Has giv'n his Royal Promise to another.

Cupr. Thou hast not plaid me false?

Hal. No, I'm not false to you; I've only been
True to my self——that's all.

Cupr. Thou hast not gain'd
The Visier's Office, sure?

Hal. I have.

Cupr. Amazement!

Art thou a Friend?

Hal. A true one to my self.

Cupr. Infamous Villain! —— But thou triflest with me,
No Man, I'm certain, has a greater share
Of *Solyman's* Affections than my self.

Hal. I grant it —— Not a greater, but as great:
We two are equal Sharers of his Heart;
And I, by speaking first, have gain'd my Point.
Tho' that be but a small Advantage o'er thee,
Yet when both Sides are at an even Poise
A Grain will turn the Ballance.

Cupr. Treach'rous Miscreant!
False undermining Traitor! —— Hast thou then
Deceiv'd my honest, unsuspecting Heart?

Why

Why didst thou not discover thy Pretensions before?

Hal. Because I then had lost my Aim.
Such a Discov'ry had dissolv'd the Tie
Of our Cabal, and made a Breach between us.
But now by soothing thee with flatt'ring Hopes,
And seeming well contented with that Honour
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd
All your Endeavours to my own Advantages;
And gain'd that Dignity by your Assistance,
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

Cupr. Hast thou the Front to glory in thy Falshood?
The worst of Falshood, to supplant thy Friend.

Hal. My Friend?—Why, Fool, should such notorious Villains
As thou and I usurp that sacred Title?

Friendship is still accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds:
But 'tis a Stranger to such Breasts as ours.
True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
And form Conspiracies; but still the Bond
Which holds our mercenary Souls together
Is our own Int'rest—How couldst thou expect
Friendship in me? when thou long since hast known
That I'm as very a Villain as thyself.

Cupr. Thou need'st not by provoking Words enflame
My Fury higher; that's superfluous Folly:
A unsufferable Injury thou hast done me
Which loudly for Revenge—I'll pay it home;
And ere more I'll make the Visier's Office vacant,
I'll thrust it through thy Heart.——

[*Draws.*]

Hal. Be not too confident;
Thou'lt find that *Solyman* has not conferr'd
That Office on a Person who wants Power
Or Courage to defend it.

[*Draws.*]

[*Fight.*]

Cupr.

Cupr. Thou hast conquer'd ———
I have my Death.

Hal. Both conquer'd, and both Conquerors:
Thou hast return'd the fatal Wound I gave thee;
And loaded with the Weight of all my Crimes,
I sink with thee, never to rise again.

Cupr. How dismal does approaching Death appear
To Souls oppress'd with Guilt? Ere this I fear
The Visier's dead ———

And no Forgiveness can be hop'd from him—
Yet 'twould abate the Hell within my Breast,
To have my Pardon seal'd by that brave Man,
And that fair Innocence, whom we have wrong'd.
But see——She comes——Let us, with our last Breath,
Confess our Villanies, and die before her,
Mourning our Crimes, and gasping for her Pardon.

Enter Abra with Guards, and Zaida.

Abra. Death's busy ev'ry where——Thro' all the Court
I meet with nought but Hurry and Confusion——
This way I heard the Noise of clashing Swords;
And now my Fancy is so full of Death,
That all its Horrors are familiar to me.
Perhaps my Lord has taken his Advantage
Of this Disorder; and some lucky Accident
Giv'n him an Opportunity t' escape
By Force of Arms——*Hal.* What dire Object's this——
What are you?——Speak——If you have Breath to tell me.

Cupr. O Empress!——O thou injur'd Innocence,
In us behold the Authors of your Woes
Dying, and with their latest Breath confessing
Their unexampled Villanies.——

Abra. What mean you?

Hal. By our Contrivance you were first discover'd
To *Mahamet*; and from that fatal Source

Flow'd all your Mis'ries. ———

Cupr. By our Instigation

The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,
And brought the Gallant Visier to his End.

Abr. Then he is dead — O execrable Villains! ———

Cupr. All that we now petition is your Pardon ———
Sight not our Groans, and penetential Tears.

Abr. If my Forgiveness will allay your Pains,
You have it — For my Vengeance reaches not
Beyond the Grave. ———

Hal. The Joys above ——— [Dies]

Cupr. For ever crown you. [Dies]

Abr. Remove 'em from my sight* — These faithful Soldiers,
[* The Guards carry the Bodies off;]

Whom Love and Rev'rence for their murder'd Gen'ral

Have thus inspir'd to serve me for his sake,

And free me from Confinement, contrary

To *Mahomet's* Command, who strictly charg'd them

To guard me safe on Forfeit of their Lives;

These very faithful Soldiers may perhaps

Be further instrumental to the Justice

Which I have vow'd — For can I think with Patience,

Can I reflect upon the barb'rous Usage,

The cruel Torments which have been inflicted

Upon the best of Men? Can I reflect

Upon his cracking Joints, and broken Limbs;

And all that sad Variety of Pains,

Which he distended on the cursed Engine,

For all his mangled Body groaning felt? ———

Can I think on this, and be content

In Tears, and vain Complainings? — Those indeed

Will not relax less Miseries ——— But now

Nothing but just Revenge can ease my Soul.

Enter

Flow

Enter Solyman with Fanizaries.

Sol. Forgive me, Madam, that I again presume;
Unsent for, to intrude into your Presence——
Trembling and doubtful I with Dread approach you;
Fearing your Frowns, yet hoping that the Zeal
Which I have shewn to serve you, will at least
Procure my Pardon —— Furious *Mahomet*,
Who threaten'd you with Rape, and horrid Torture,
Is for your sake thrown from the Regal Seat;
I've rescu'd you from his Tyrannick Cruelty,
And now am come with humblest Adoration,
To lay a kinder Monarch at your Feet.

Abr. Fate has in part prevented my Revenge;
But I must further it——

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous Love
Merits the best Return that I can make;
Nor would I prove ungrateful——True, I own
I lov'd the Visier with excess of Passion:
But since a cruel Tyrant's lawless Doom
Has snatch'd him from my Arms; why should I waste
My youthful Bloom, and pine myself away
In fruitless Grief? Why rather should I not
Receive a gen'rous Prince to my Embraces,
Whose Kingly Qualities so well deserve
More Charms than I can give!

Sol. O Ecstasie of Joy! —— Transporting Sounds!

Abr. But yet, my Lord, I cannot disengage
Myself from that dear Man; 'till I have seen
His Death reveng'd, and ample Justice done
On all his Foes; that Debt I must discharge,
Before I can transfer my Love to you.

Sol. Why I've already taken ample Vengeance
On *Mahomet*——Is not the loss of Empire
Sufficient Punishment?

En

Love and Empire.

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Enter Marama.

Mar. O fly, my Lord,
Or stand upon your Guard — Fierce *Mahomet*,
Inform'd of what has pass'd in the *Divan*,
By the loud Triumphs of the shouting Soldiers;
Who ev'ry where resound your Name to Heav'n;
With Fury in his Eyes is posting hither
With a strong Guard to seize the beauteous Empress.
But when he finds you here, you must expect
A sharp Encounter — His Despair and Rage
Will prompt him to prodigious Acts of Valour.

Sol. I dread him not; the Courage of my Soldiers
Forbids my Fear.

Omn. We'll die for *Solyman*.

Enter Mahomet with Janizaries.

Mah. Astonishment! Am I again prevented?
Can I not from the universal Wreck
Of all my Fortunes save one single Gem?
Was't not enough — Ha! Villain, is it thou?
Th'unnatural Usurper of my Throne?
Art thou that hated Rival, whom 'till now
The partial Fates have shelter'd from my Vengeance?
But think not yet t'escape — Thou hast not here
The Rebel Multitude to aid thy Treason;
But with these few of my yet Loyal Subjects,
I'll on this Spot chastise thy Insolence.
Behold me, Traitor, see this injur'd Face,
And tremble at my Justice.

Sol. Sure thou think'st,
Vain, desperate Prince, t'uncking me with thy Threats,
And puff me from my Throne with blust'ring Words;
But thou wilt find I am too firmly seated —
And you, who dare oppose your lawful Sov'reign,
By publick Voice Elected, and acknowledg'd

By

By all the Army and the whole *Divan*;
 Urge not your Fates, by clinging round the Ruins
 Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time
 Forsake him, and implore the Royal Mercy,
 Or I will use you as the worst of Traitors:

Mah. Resign that single Beauty to my Arms;
 And thou shalt undisturb'd enjoy the Empire.

Sol. Resign her? — No — I sooner would forego
 My Crown — For know, 'twas Love, and not Ambition,
 That rais'd me to Imperial Dignity;
 And had I never rival'd thee in Love,
 I never had in Empire.

Mah. Then no more
 Of Parly — Come, fall on, my Loyal Soldiers,
 And if we conquer, you shall share the World.

[*Prepare to fight; Mahomet's Fanizaries revolt.*
 Deserted? left by all? — No — This is mine,
 My faithful Subject still — My Sword is yet
 No Traitor, but proves Loyal to the last.

[*Kills two of the Fanizaries, and continues fighting.*
Sol. I charge you hurt him not — On your Allegiance
 Take him alive — So — Guard him safe to Prison —
 Away with him — [*Mah. is disarm'd and taken.*

Mah. Ay, lead me to my Prison:
 Kind Fate ere-long will give me my Release.
 For thee, thou Traitor, did not Rage and Hate
 Inspire me more to curse, than pity thee;
 I could bewail thee, rather than my self,
 For Oh! thou art enter'd on a World of Mis'ry;
 And soon with me wilt find, by dire Experience,
 No Government can e'er be safe, that's founded
 On Lust, on Murder, and Despotick Pow'r.
 'Tis not in lawless Strength to turn and manage
 This cumb'rous and unwieldy Bulk of Empire:

Which

Which, like the restless Sea, still works and toſies,
Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
How few of my unhappy Successors
Will 'scape my Fate — Ev'n while we keep the Throne,
We fear thoſe Subjects Threats, on whom we frown;
Infringe their Liberty, and loſe our own:
And hourly prove, by Arbitrary Sway,
That he's the greateſt Slave whom none but Slaves obey.

[*Exit guarded.*]

Sol. How am I hurry'd on, and plunge in Guilt! —
Distracting Horror! — But I'll think no more on't —
Away, ye gloomy Thoughts, and leave my Soul
To Bliss and Raptures inconceivable.
O come, my Love; delay my Joys no longer,
Or I shall die with ardent Expectation.

Abr. No — my vow'd Vengeance is not yet compleated;
One of the Viſier's Foes remains unpuniſh'd.
For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,
Haſt been the curſt Contriver of his Death.
And think not that thy boundleſs Pow'r and Greatneſs
Shall diſappoint my Juſtice — By one Stroke
From all thy Wrongs my Virtue thus I free,
And kill my ſelf, to be reveng'd on thee.

[*Stabs her ſelf, Sol. wrenches the Dagger from her*]

Sol. Death and Deſpair! is this the Conſummation
Of all my Hopes? Theſe my expected Raptures? —
O 'twas too truly aim'd — The curſed Steel
Has made its way through the ſoft ſnowy Breſt,
And the warm Life-blood bubbles from the Wound.

Abr. No — You've prevented me — I've only ſea'd
The Surface of the Skin — But 'tis in vain!
Still Death is in my Pow'r, and ſhall yet free me
From Violence and Oppreſſion.

Sol. Now by Honour,
By all that's juſt and good, you wrong my Virtue;

I am no Ravisher, no *Mahomet* ;
 Not your chaste Soul can start with more Abhorrence
 At such inhuman Crimes ——— Some dreadful Curse,
 If possible, more dreadful than your Hate,
 Light on me, if I ever use my Pow'r
 To seize by Force what you deny to Love.

Abr. And may that Curse be trebled on this Head,
 If ever I comply with the Desires
 Of any second Lord. And think not, Sir,
 That I with base Ingratitude requite
 The noble, gen'rous Promise you have made me;
 This Vow, which I repeat, has long been on me,
 And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.

Enter Pyrrhus with an Officer.

Offic. Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late;
 The Visier lives; ———
 And see he comes to thank you.

Pyr. Gratitude
 Must yield to Love ——— My Soul! ——— [*Embracing.*]

Abr. My dearest Lord,
 Is't possible, and can I think it true,
 That you're again restor'd to my Embraces?
 'Tis so ——— He lives ———

Pyr. O unexpected Blessing !

Sol. Villains, Traitors !
 How gain'd he Entrance ?

Offic. By your own Command ———

Sol. 'Tis false — Thou ly'st — True, I dispatch'd my Orders
 To save his Life, but not to bring him hither.

Offic. Forgive the Error of your Slave ; I knew not
 His Presence would offend you. ———

Sol. Offend me ? Can there be a greater Plague
 Than Rival Love ——— * ——— Away, ye impious Ruffians,

[* *Guards offer to part 'em*

Touch

Touch 'em not for your Lives; you now obey
A virtuous Lover, not a lustful Tyrant.
Yet hear, ye fond ones; —— 'Tis not, 'tis not prudent
To tempt me —— These Embraces may be fatal ——

[They separate]

Pyr. My Lord, my Emperor ——

Sol. Ere thou proceed,

Say by what Miracle thou hast recover'd
The Torments of the Rack : For thou appear'st
Unhurt, as if no Violence had been offer'd.

Offic. My Lord, none has been offer'd; this great Man
Has ever had the Soldiers Hearts, and that
Has now preserv'd him : For those Officers
Whom *Mahomet* entrusted with his Fate,
Hearing the joyful Multitude with Shouts
Resound your Name, and seeing all Things tend
To this great Revolution, gladly took
The Opportunity ; and for his sake
Deferr'd the Execution of their Orders:
Hoping this sudden Change of Government
Would prove a Means to save him. The Success
Has crown'd their Hopes. Just at that happy Juncture
Your welcome Orders came to have him sav'd.

Abv. Is then his Safety owing to your Goodness?

[To Solyman]

And did you hold me in Suspence so long,
Only to make your Bounty more surprizing?
I understand it now —— O, sacred Sir.
May Blessings ever crown your Princely Head.
I know you still design'd we should be happy
In mutual Love —— Alas! your Looks are chang'd
To Terror, and you sternly menace Death ——
Oh ! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again :
I tremble at your Frowns —— Still you are angry,

And

And some deep Thought is rolling in your Breast;
 Fatal, I fear, to us. ——— Yet, O my Lord,
 If we must die ———

Sol. No; you shall live, and share
 My Favours; he my Friend, and you my Empress.

Pyr. To those who love like us, 'tis certain Death
 To part; and if you separate, you kill.
 O do not, by this after-Act of Cruelty,
 Resume your gen'rous Grant; but as you're virtuous;
 Complete the Justice which you have begun,
 And yield her to my Arms.

Sol. Yet, yet beware, and urge me not too far ———
 'Tis dang'rous dallying with a Prince's Fury ———
 Forego her? Quit her? Yield her to my Rival?
 What? Have I suffer'd so much racking Pain,
 Involv'd my self in so much Guilt and Horror,
 And made my self so curst ——— to make Thee happy?
 Must I have no Reward for all my Toil?
 And thou enjoy ———
 Unheard-of Insolence! ———

Abr. Then we are lost again, and must endure
 The Torments of a second Separation.

Pyr. Why, 'tis the cruel Artifice of Fate
 Thus to refine, and vary on our Woes;
 To raise us from Despair and give us Hopes,
 Only to plunge us in the Gulf again,
 And make us doubly wretched ——— Yet while Life
 Remains, I cannot totally despair.

O Sir, if Passion has not quite unman'd you,
 With Patience hear a Suit which all just Kings
 Will grant, and none but Tyrants can deny.
 And you, my Friends, if I have any here,
 Kneel with me all; that with united Pray'rs
 We may o'erpow'r him, and his Resolution,

Love and Empire.

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Oppress'd with Multitudes, be forc'd to yield. [*All kneel.*

Sol. Treason, Conspiracy — Rise, Traitors, rise;
He dies that kneels — 'Tis Treason to Petition. [*All rise.*

What? My *Murana* too? — Art thou confed'rate
Against thy Sov'reign? Am I thus abandon'd?

Not one to own my Cause? — Go, call my Friends,
Hali and *Cuprolis*, to my Assistance —
They will not sure desert me. —

Offic. Royal Sir,

'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends
Are by each other slain in single Combat,
Contending for the Visier's Office

Sol. Ha!

Say'st thou? What, slain? And by each other's Hands?
More Horror still! — But let me pause a little —
My Friends were Villains — and this dreadful Instance
Of Justice strikes into my lab'ring Soul
Stinging Remorse; and, spite of all Endeavours
To drown its Cries, Reason will now be heard.

Pyr. See, he relents, his Resolution staggers —
Now, now my Love —

Abr. What is it, Sir, that troubles
Your Royal Breast? —
May nothing discompose it; and however
You shall dispose of my poor Lord, and me,
Let all be easie there. —

Sol. For this last Goodness,
If possible, I love thee more than ever;
How then can I resign thee?

Abr. If your Love
Be virtuous and sincere, you will resign me.

Sol. Impossible! Thou talk'st of Contradictions —
Or thus, if to forego thee be a Proof
Of true Affection — let my Rival shew it,

Pyr.

Pyr. I would, by all my Hopes, if you were *Pyrrhus*,
And I were *Solyman*.

Sol. Why, what's the Difference?

Abr. Did I not swear? Did I not tell you, Sir,
That if I would, I cannot now be yours?

Sol. Thou didst — Oh! Curst Remembrance! —

Abr. And have I not your Royal Oath and Promise,
That you will never force me to your Bed?

Sol. O name it not — My honest Soul abhors
The very Mention of so damn'd a Villany.

Pyr. And will you then defraud us of each other,
Without the least Advantage to your Self,
Only to make us wretched? —

Sol. No — Since she never can be mine, 'twill prove
Some Satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul
To think she's not another's.

Pyr. Those Expressions
Perhaps might well besit a Tyrant's Mouth;
But sure a just and virtuous Prince can take
No Pleasure in th'unmerited Afflictions
Of those who never wrong'd him —

Sol. 'Tis not to be withstood — The Strength of Reason
Presses upon me with resistless Force —

I never can possess her — but by Violence;
And that my Nature shrinks at — Shall I then
Barb'rously ruin the most perfect Pair
That ever Nature fram'd; to whom I owe
My Life, and one of whom far more than Life I love?
Shall I with Brutal Rage destroy such Excellence,
Without the least faint Prospect of Advantage,
Unless it be to brand my Name with Infamy,
And write my self upon immortal Record
A Villain, and a Tyrant? — No; I'll perish first.

Abr. How Indignation flashes from his Eyes!

Unless

Unless he speedily pronounce our Doom,
Fear will dispatch me, and prevent his Sentence.

Sol. But how to part with her? — There, there's the Difficulty ———

It cannot be ——— Cannot? ——— O vain Delusion ———

O Fallacy of Thought ——— True, it exceeds

My Pow'r, to cease to Love ——— But tho' a Wretch

Scorch'd in a Fever, cannot cease to thirst,

Yet may he throw the baneful Draught away;

Or beg some Friend to bind his desp'rate Arms:

May chuse the present Mis'ry, to avoid

A greater in Reversion; and endure

The Cravings of unsatisfy'd Desire.

I can resign her then ——— Tho' with strong Tortures,

Reluctant Strugglings and convulsive Pangs ———

Take, take her ——— hold ——— if you regard your Lives,

[They offer to Embrace.]

Or dread my just Revenge; forbear your Fondness ———

Nor plague me with your Thanks ——— For if she speaks

[They offer to kneel.]

I may relapse again ——— And Oh! be cautious,

Rash, inconfid'rate Pair, be sure t'avoid

My Presence; never let me see you more ———

For if you do ——— You may bewail your Folly;

Be yet divided from each other's Arms,

Be curst, and rage, and burn in vain, as I do.

[Exit.]

Pyr. He's gone ——— The great Debate at last is ended ———

And now we safely may indulge our Love:

O my Heart's Joy! who can express my Happiness,

Or stretch Imagination to conceive

The Raptures of my Soul? ———

Ab. None, none but I,

Who share the mighty Transport, can conceive it;

Nor can ev'n I express it.

Pyr. Speak thou, *Zaida*,

Allay this vast Excess of boundless Pleasure;
And bring us back to common Sense again.

Zaid. I fear indeed I shall allay your Pleasure ———
Your Friend, my Lord ———

Pyr. O, were my Friend in Danger,
Ev'n now I could not be entirely happy:
But he is safe ——— My Int'rest in the Soldiers,
Which sav'd me from the Rack, preserv'd his Life.

Zaid. Then you are bless'd indeed, and I with Joy
Equal to yours congratulate your Happiness.

Enter the Kissler Aga.

Kisl. Hearing the welcome News of your Success,
I come, my Lord, to share your Satisfaction.

Pyr. The Bus'ness of my Life shall be to thank thee.
'Tis fit at present we consult our Safety,
Dispatch with all imaginable Speed,
And leave the Court this Night.

Kisl. 'Tis true, you cannot
Be too secure ——— Tho' now there is no Danger ———
For *Solyman* already is involv'd
In State Affairs, on every side surrounded
With thronging Counsellors and busie Crouds:
And now the Care of a distracted Empire,
Just at his first Accession to the Throne,
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps
The Torments of his Love. ———

Pyr. Grant, Heav'n, it may:
I would not have him wretched; ——— O my Friend,
Behold th' Impartial Hand of Justice! ——— *Mahomet*
(Tho' I were most ungrateful not to mourn
His Fall) has suffer'd, by the Loss of Empire,
The Punishment due to injurious Tyrants.
Hali and *Cuprolis* by Death have met


The Villain's just Reward ——— Ev'n *Solyman*,
Tho' good and gen'rous in his Temper, feels
The dire Effects of deviating from Virtue.
We only, who with Innocence unshaken
Have stood th' Assaults of Fortune, now are happy;
For tho' the worst of Men by high Permission
-while may flourish, and the Best endure
The sharpest Tryals of exploring Mis'ry;
Yet let Mankind from these Examples learn,
That pow'rful Villany at last shall mourn;
And injur'd Virtue Triumph in its Turn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.


O UR Prologue to the Criticks was directed;
But You, Ye Fair, must never be neglected
To You our Poet now his Homage pays;
Your bare Forgiveness will his Genius raise:
In Tastes like Yours to pardon is to praise.
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's Cause;
But Youth and Beauty never yet were Foes.
Do You but shew your Goodness and Compassion,
The Men, of Course, will give their Approbation.
For if they grant none as the Poet's Due,
They'll sure be kind in Complaisance to You:
If not with us, with you they will comply,
Exert the Lover all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and serene you saw the Princely Guest,
When Windsor was with This bright Presence blest:
Still may the kind Impression here survive,
And we enjoy those Smiles by which we live.
How did the Royal Youth, with wond'ring Eyes,
Behold! and gladly own the sweet Surprise!
Amaz'd at such Variety of Charms,
Careless of Fame, and less in love with Arms!
Almost unwilling to pursue the War,
And ev'n for Empire to forsake the Fair.
But, as by English Beauties forc'd to yield,
May be by English Heroes win the Field:
Procure the Revolution he desires,
And safe possess the Beauty he admires.
Thus may th' auspicious Prince securely move,
And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove,
Completely blest in Empire, and in Love.

F I N I S.